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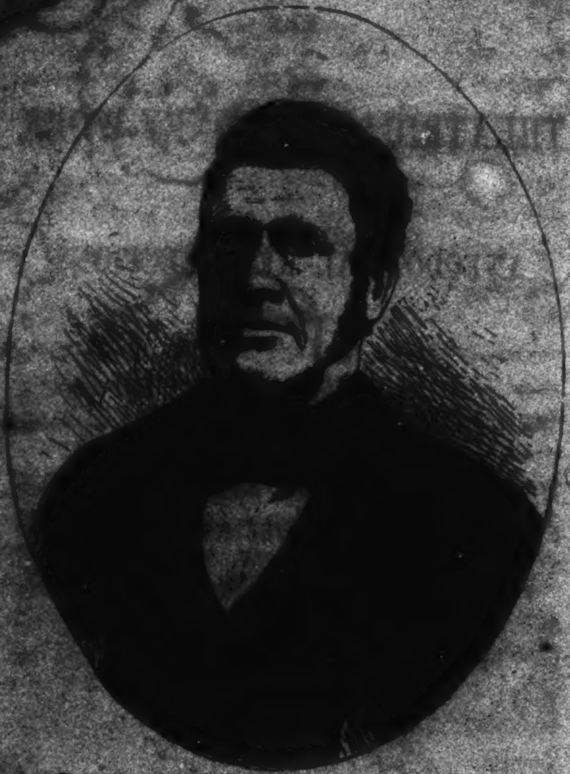
[illegible] Smith prepared in advance for his [illegible] to be engraved upon a plain stone in [illegible] Cemetery, St. Louis. It is as follows:

SOL. SMITH,
Retired Actor.
[illegible] 1801—18—.

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."
"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

EXIT SOL!



Very Truly Yours

THE

THEATRICAL JOURNEY-WORK

AND

ANECDOTICAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

SOL. F. SMITH,

COMEDIAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ETC., ETC.

COMPRISING A SKETCH OF THE SECOND SEVEN YEARS
OF HIS PROFESSIONAL LIFE; TOGETHER WITH
SKETCHES OF ADVENTURE IN AFTER YEARS.

With a Portrait of the Author.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn—good and ill together."
All's Well that ends Well.

Philadelphia:
T. B. PETERSON, No. 102 CHESTNUT STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
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DEDICATION.

TO PHINEAS T. BARNUM, P. A. M., ETC.

Great Impressario: Whilst you were engaged in your grand Jenny Lind speculation, the following conundrum went the rounds of the American newspapers:—

"Why is it that *Jenny Lind* and *Barnum* will never fall out? Answer:—because *he* is always for-*getting* and *she* is always for-*giving.*"

I have never asked you the question directly, whether *you*, Mr. Barnum, started that conundrum or not; but I strongly suspect that you did. At all events, I noticed that your whole policy was concentrated into one idea—*to make an angel of Jenny*, and *depreciate yourself* in contrast.

You may remember that in this city, (St. Louis,) I acted in one instance as your "legal adviser," and, as such, necessarily became acquainted with all the particulars of your contract with the so-called *Swedish Nightingale*, as well as the various modifications claimed by that charitable lady, and submitted to by you after her arrival in this country; which modifications (I suppose it need no longer be a secret) secured to her, besides the original stipulation of *one thousand dollars* for every concert, attendants, carriages, assistant artists, and a pompous and extravagant retinue, fit (only) for a European princess—ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS of each performance. You may also remember the *legal advice* I gave you on the occasion referred to, and the salutary effect of your following it. You *must* remember the extravagant joy you felt afterwards, in Philadelphia, when the "Angel" made up her mind to avail herself of one of the stipulations in her contract, to break off at the end of a hundred nights, and even bought out *seven* of that hundred—supposing that she could go on without your aid as well as with it. And you cannot but remember how like a rocket-stick she dropped when your business connection with her ended, and how she "fizzed out" the remainder of her concert nights in this part of the world, and soon afterwards retired to her domestic blissitude in Sweden.

You *know*, Mr. Barnum, if you would only tell, which of the two it was that was "FORGETTING," and which "FORGIVING;" and you also know who actually gave the larger portion of those sums which you heralded to the world as the sole gifts of the "divine Jenny."

Of all your speculations—from the Negro Centenarienne, who *didn't* nurse Gen. Washington, down to the Bearded Woman of Genoa—there was not one which required the exercise of so much *humbuggery* as the Jenny Lind concerts; and I verily believe there is no man living, other than yourself, who could or would have risked the enormous expenditure of money necessary to carry them through successfully. Traveling, with sixty artists, four thousand miles, and giving ninety-three concerts, at an actual cost of FORTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, is what no other man would have *undertaken*—YOU accomplished this, and pocketed by the operation but little less than TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!—Mr. Barnum, you are

YOURSELF—ALONE!

I honor you, oh! great Impressario, as *the* most successful manager in America, or any other country. Democrat as you are, you can give a practical lesson to the aristocrats of Europe, *how to live.* At your beautiful and tasteful residence, "IRANISTAN," (I don't like the name though,) you can and do entertain your friends with a warmth of hospitality only equaled by that of the great landed proprietors of the old country, or of our own "sunny south." Whilst riches are pouring into your coffers from your various "ventures" in all parts of the world, you do not hoard your immense means, but continually "cast them forth upon the waters," rewarding labor, encouraging the arts, and lending a helping hand to industry in all its branches. Not content with doing all this, you deal telling blows, whenever opportunity offers, upon the monster INTEMPERANCE. Your labors in this great cause alone should entitle you to the thanks of all good men, women and children in the land. Mr. Barnum, you deserve all your good fortune, and I hope you may long live to enjoy your wealth and honor.

As a small instalment towards the debt I, as one of the community, owe you, and with the hope of affording you an hour's amusement, (if you can spare that amount of time from your numerous avocations to read it,) I present you with this little volume, containing a very brief account of some of my "journey work" in the south and west; and remain, very respectfully,

Your friend,
And affectionate Uncle,
SOL. SMITH.

Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis,
November 1st, 1854.

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THEATRICAL JOURNEY-WORK

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS OF THE DRAMA IN NEW ORLEANS.

First American Company in New Orleans—St. Phillippe Street and Orleans Theatres in 1817-18—Cooper, the Tragedian—American (Camp Street) Theatre—Company of 1827-8—Two-thirds of them gone!—Booth in his best days—A losing season.

THE English Drama was introduced into the city of NEW ORLEANS in December, 1817, by a commonwealth company, consisting of N. M. Ludlow, (Manager,) Morgan, Lucas, Bainbridge, John Vaughan, Henry Vaughan, Mrs. Vaughan, Mrs. Ludlow, Mrs. Morgan, and others, whose names are not recollected.

The performances took place in the St. Phillippe Street Theatre—now the Washington Ball Room. In 1818 Mr. Aaron Phillips took a company to New Orleans, and performed in the French Theatre, Orleans Street. Mr. James H. Caldwell came the same year, with a company from Virginia, and occupied the St. Phillippe Street Theatre, afterwards removing to the Theatre D'Orleans, which he occupied three evenings of each week, alternating with the French company—a compromise having been effected with Mr. Phillips, who, with the principal members of his company, enlisted under Mr. Caldwell's banner. The then great tragedian, Cooper, performed an engagement this season, receiving, as I have been informed, $333 per night!

The foundation of the American Theatre, Camp Street, (now the Armory Hall,) was laid in 1821, and it was opened in an unfinished condition. In 1824, the American Theatre was regularly opened, and with a company competent to give proper effect to the regular drama. The season was a profitable one to the manager, and satisfactory to the public.

In 1825–6, the theatre again enjoyed a prosperous season. My youngest brother, Lemuel, was a member of the company. Mr. Edwin Forrest was engaged, (then but 18 years of age,) and opened in *Jaffier*, (Venice Preserved.)

The season of 1826–27, I know nothing about; but have no doubt it was as successful as the preceding.

In the summer of 1827, Mr. Caldwell proceeded with his company to ST. LOUIS, Mo., where he converted a salt house on Second Street into a theatre, and performed with considerable success for about three months—proceeding from thence to NASHVILLE, Tenn., where I joined him, as heretofore related.

I now proceed with my personal narrative, beginning with the opening of the American Theatre, Camp Street, in the fall of 1827. I am enabled to give a list of the New Orleans company of this season. The names of those *now living*, are italicised:

Messrs. *J. H. Caldwell*, *Anderson*, *Jackson*, *Sol. Smith*, Lem Smith, Sam Jones, R. Russell, Gray, Lear, *Hartwig*, Lowery, *Higgins*, Cambridge, Palmer, Crampton, McCafferty; Mesdames Hartwig, *Russell*, Rowe, Bloxton, Johns, S. Smith, *L. Smith*, Jackson, Higgins, Crampton, and *Miss Russell*, (now Mrs. Farren.)

Thus it appears that of twenty-seven members, NINE only remain—just double that number having taken their departure to

> "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
> No traveller returns."

On the second night of the season, Mrs. Smith and myself made our first appearance in NEW ORLEANS—she as *Diana Vernon* in "Rob Roy," and I as the sentimental *Billy Lackaday*, in the comedy of "Sweethearts and Wives." With the exception of the character of *Delph*, in the farce of "Family Jars," which I performed a great number of nights during the season, and the part of *Carlitz*, in a new one-act drama entitled "Love in Humble Life," I had very little to do calculated to give me a position as an actor; yet I was kept busy enough, always being required to walk in processions, sing in choruses, and shout in armies—besides fighting in all *general* battles.

During this winter, (1827–8,) Mr. Booth came to perform an engagement, and was highly successful. I should say these were his best days. It was my luck to "support" him as the *Physician* in "King Lear," the *Lord Mayor*, in "Richard the Third," and one of the *shouting citizens* in each of the Roman pieces. After his engagement at our theatre was finished, he performed *Orestes* twice in the Theatre

D'Orleans to crowded houses, and the great delight of the French population.*

Manager Caldwell was a loser this season, I should think to the tune of at least $10,000.

---

* Mr. Booth fulfilled his last engagement *on earth* in the St. Charles Theatre, under the management of Ludlow and Smith, in November, 1852, making his final appearance in the character of *Sir Edward Mortimer*. He departed this life immediately after his engagement, during his voyage from New Orleans to Louisville.

CHAPTER II.

SLOW TRAVELLING BY STEAM.

Journey to Natchez—A Bully Boat and a Brag Captain—Taking in wood—Slow progress, but a good night's work for the officers—Taking the whole pile.

THE season being over, the company received orders to proceed at once to Natchez, *then* full 300 miles distant—*now*, by reason of a "cut off," shortened to 275 miles—from New Orleans. We took passage on the splendid steamer, "Caravan."

Does any one remember the CARAVAN? She was what would now be considered a slow boat; *then* she was regularly advertised as the "fast running," etc. Her regular trips from New Orleans to Natchez were usually made in from six to eight days; a trip made by her in five days was considered remarkable. A voyage from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, including stoppages, generally entitled the officers and crew to a month's wages. Whether the Caravan ever achieved the feat of a voyage to the Falls, (Louisville,) I have never learned; if she did, she must have "had a *time* of it!"

It was my fate to take passage in this boat. The captain was a good-natured, easy-going man, careful of the comfort of his passengers, and exceedingly fond of the *game of brag*.

We had been out a little more than five days, and were in hopes of seeing the bluffs of Natchez on the next day. Our wood was getting low, and night coming on. The pilot on duty *above*, (the other pilot held three aces at the time, and was just calling out the captain, who "went it strong" on three kings,) sent down word that the mate had reported the stock of wood reduced to half a cord. The worthy captain excused himself to the pilot whose watch was *below*, and the two passengers who made up the party, and hurried to the deck, where he soon discovered, by the landmarks, that we were about half a mile from a wood-yard, which he said was situated "right round yonder point." "But," muttered the captain, "I don't much like to take wood of the yellow-faced old scoundrel who owns it—he always charges a quarter of a dollar more than any one else; however, there's no other chance." The boat was pushed to her utmost, and, in a little less than an hour, when our fuel was about giving out, we made the point, and our cables were out and fastened to trees alongside of a good-sized wood pile.

"Hollo, Colonel! how d'ye sell your wood *this* time?"

A yellow-faced old gentleman, with a two week's beard, strings over his shoulders holding up to his arm-pits a pair of copperas-colored linsey-woolsey pants, the legs of which reached a very little below the knee; shoes without stockings; a faded, broad-brimmed hat, which had once been black, and a pipe in his mouth—casting a glance at the empty guards of our boat, and uttering a grunt as he rose from fastening our "spring-line," answered:

"Why, capting, we must charge you *three and a quarter* THIS time."

"The d—l!" replied the captain—(captains did swear a little in those days.) "What's the odd *quarter* for, I should like to know? You only charged me *three* as I went down."

"Why, capting," drawled out the wood merchant, with a sort of leer on his yellow countenance, which clearly indicated that his wood was as good as sold, "Wood's riz since you went down two weeks ago; besides, you are awar that you very seldom stop going *down*; when you're going *up*, you're sometimes obleeged to give me a call, becaze the current's against you, and there's no other wood yard for nine miles ahead; and if you happen to be nearly out of fooel, why"—

"Well, well," interrupted the captain, "we'll take a few cords under the circumstances"—and he returned to his game of brag.

In about half an hour we felt the Caravan commence paddling again. Supper was over, and I retired to my upper berth, situated alongside and overlooking the brag table, where the captain was deeply engaged, having now the *other* pilot as his principal opponent. We jogged on quietly—and seemed to be going at a good rate.

"How does that wood burn?" inquired the captain of the mate, who was looking on at the game.

"Tisn't of much account, I reckon," answered the mate—"it's cotton wood, and most of it green at that."

"Well, Thompson—(three aces, again, stranger—I'll take that X, and the small change, if you please—it's your deal)—Thompson, I say, we'd better take three or four cords at the next wood-yard—it can't be more than six miles from here—(two aces and a bragger, with the age! hand over those V's.")

The game went on and the paddles kept moving. At 11 o'clock, it was reported to the captain that we were nearing the wood yard, the light being distinctly seen by the pilot on duty.

"Head her in shore, then, and take in six cords, if it's good—see to it, Thompson, I can't very well leave the game now—it's getting right warm. This pilot's beating us all to smash."

The wooding completed, we paddled on again. The captain seemed somewhat vexed, when the mate informed him that the price was the same as at the last wood-yard—*three and a quarter;* but soon again became interested in the game.

From my upper berth (there were no state-rooms *then*) I could observe the movements of the players. All the contention appeared to be between the captain and the pilots, (the latter personages took it turn and turn about, steering and playing brag,) *one* of them almost invariably winning, while the two passengers merely went through the ceremony of dealing, cutting, and paying up their "*anties.*" They were anxious to *learn the game*—and they *did* learn it! Once in a while, indeed, seeing they had two aces and a bragger, they would venture a bet of five or ten dollars, but they were always compelled to back out before the tremendous bragging of the captain *or* pilot—or if they *did* venture to "call out" on "two bullits and a bragger," they had the mortification to find one of the officers had the same kind of a hand, and were *more venerable!* Still, with all these disadvantages, they continued playing—they wanted to learn the game.

At 2 o'clock, the captain asked the mate how we were getting on?

"Oh, pretty glibly, sir," replied the mate. "We can scarcely tell what headway we *are* making, for we are obliged to keep the middle of the river, and there is the shadow of a fog rising. This wood seems rather better than that we took in at old yellow face's, but we're nearly out again, and must be looking out for more. I saw a light just a head on the right—shall we hail?"

"Yes, yes," replied the captain, "ring the bell and ask 'em what's the price of wood up here?—I've got you again; here's double kings."

I heard the bell and the pilot's hail: "What's *your* price for wood?"

A youthful voice on the shore answered: "Three *and* a quarter!"

"D—n it!" ejaculated the captain, who had just lost the price of two cords to the pilot—the strangers suffering *some* at the same time—"Three and a quarter again! Are we *never* to get to a cheaper country?—deal, sir, if you please—better luck next time." The other pilot's voice was again heard on deck—

"How much *have* you?

"Only about ten cords, sir," was the reply of the youthful salesman.

The captain here told Thompson to take six cords, which would last till daylight—and again turned his attention to the game.

The pilots here changed places. *When did they sleep?*

Wood taken in, the Caravan again took her place in the middle of the stream, paddling on as usual.

Day at length dawned. The brag party broke up, and settlements were being made, during which operation the captain's bragging propensities were exercised in cracking up the speed of his boat, which, by his reckoning, must have made at least sixty miles, and *would* have made many more, if he could have procured good wood. It appeared the two passengers, in their first lesson, had incidentally lost one hundred and twenty dollars. The captain, as he rose to see about taking in some *good* wood, which he felt sure of obtaining, now he had got above the level country, winked at his opponent, the pilot, with whom he had been on very bad terms during the progress of the game, and said, in an under tone,—"Forty a-piece for you and I and Jemes, (the other pilot,) is not not bad for one night."

I had risen, and went out with the captain, to enjoy a view of the bluffs. There was just fog enough to prevent the vision taking in more than sixty yards—so I was disappointed in *my* expectation. We were nearing the shore for the purpose of looking for wood, the banks being invisible from the middle of the river.

"There it is!" exclaimed the captain, "stop her!"—Di[illegible]—ding- ding! went the big bell, and the captain hailed:

"Hollo! the wood-yard!"

"Hollo yourself!" answered a squeaking female voice, which came from a woman with a petticoat over her shoulders in place of a shawl.

"What's the price of wood?"

"I think you ought to know the price by this time," answered the old lady in the petticoat—"it's three and a qua-a-rter! and now you know it."

"Three and the d—l!" broke in the captain—"what, have you raised on *your* wood, too? I'll give you *three*, and not a cent more."

"Well," replied the petticoat, "here comes the old man—*he'll* talk to you!" And sure enough, out crept from the cottage the veritable faded hat, copperas-colored pants, yellow countenance and two weeks' beard we had seen the night before, and the same voice we had heard regulating the price of cotton wood, squeaked out the following sentence, accompanied by the same leer of the same yellow countenance:

"Why, darn it all, capting, there is but three or four cords left, and *since it's you*, I don't care if I *do* let you have it for THREE—*as you're a good customer!*"

After a quick glance at the landmarks around, the captain bolted, and turned in to take some rest.

The fact became apparent—the reader will probably have discovered it some time since—that WE HAD BEEN WOODING ALL NIGHT AT THE SAME WOOD-YARD!

CHAPTER III.

ST. LOUIS, PORT GIBSON, NATCHEZ.

Natchez—Sleeping in a Vault—Watch stolen from a High Priest—Oakah Tubbee, the Choctaw Chief—The Old "American," Captain Scott and Clerk Swon—St. Louis—The "Hypocrite"—Old Citizens—The "Gambler's Fate"—To the South again—Port Gibson—A good number of *Smiths*—A six-horse team with bells—Natchez season a failure.

The Natchez Theatre was opened under Mr. Caldwell's management in the spring of 1828, with scenery and company brought from the "American," in New Orleans. Here it was the cognomen of "Old Sol" began to attach itself to me, in consequence of my being frequently called upon to perform the characters usually personated by "Old Gray," who was generally *indisposed* about these days. I was then 27 years of age.

I have said elsewhere that our theatre was located in a grave-yard. A young man, named McCafferty, was a member of the company, combining the duties of scenic artist and second low comedian. Being very drunk one night, he wandered forth among the tombs, and after diligent search for him next morning, he was found quietly reposing in a ruined vault, where he had passed the night! Poor McCafferty! A few years afterwards a Mr. Gamble and himself *took a bottle of whiskey to bed with them* one night, and were found dead the next morning!

A watch was stolen from my dressing-room in the theatre, and a negro boy was taken before Justice Tooly, on a charge of having committed the larceny. Being sworn, I began to give in my testimony, to the effect that on the previous night, while I was officiating as *High Priest of the Sun*—

"How's this? How's this?" interrupted the magistrate—"High Priest of the Sun? Pray where did all this happen?

"At the theatre, sir; I was officiating as High Priest, and"——

"At the THEATRE?" screamed the justice—"served you right, then—served you right! Boy, you may go—I dismiss the case."

The individual charged with this theft was no less a personage than a negro boy named Carey, who afterwards became somewhat notorious as an Indian chief, under the name of OAKAH TUBBEE. Nearly twenty years aftewards, this individual came to St. Louis, where he achieved considerable popularity as a serenading flute player. Mr. Baily, our treasurer, on the occasion of his benefit, wished Carey to play a tune between the play and afterpiece; but it did not seem exactly proper for a *negro* to appear on the stage. Being a bright mulatto, it was thought he might be passed off "for one night only" as *an Indian*. When the bill was being made out, Baily came up into the director's room to ask me what *name* we should give our newly created Indian. "Name? Ah, yes—he must have a name," I replied; and casting a look through the window over to the "Cross Keys," a large oak tub under a spout caught my eye. "There is an oak tub; let the Indian's name be OAKAH TUBBEE!"—and Oakah

Tubbee it has been ever since. He soon went up into the Indian country, where passing himself off as a Choctaw Chief, he married a very likely squaw, and commenced traveling and giving concerts! I am sorry to hear lately that TUBBEE has deserted his Indian wife, and taken a *white* squaw, who fell in love with him at Niagara Falls. I suspect Tubbee is considerable of a rascal, though he was probably innocent of the larceny charged on him in Natches.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell, at the close of the season here, proceeded to Boston, where Mr. Russell had received the appointment of acting manager of the Tremont Theatre.

The season, though short, was moderately profitable to the management, and nearly all the performers had good benefits.

Our next movement was to ST. LOUIS, Missouri, then a village, containing less than 6,000 inhabitants.* Here I made my first appearance in the character of *Kit Cosey*, ("Town and Country,") and was warmly received by the audience. Our theatre was an old *Salt House* in Second street, mentioned as having been fitted up for dramatic purposes, by Mr. Caldwell, the year before, and was generally well attended. Our manager had gone "East," to recruit the southern company, and play a starring engagement at the Park Theatre. The management was placed in the hands of Mr. James S. Rowe, the treasurer of the establishment, and the season was a paying one. The comedy of the "Hypocrite" was acted a great number of nights—Mr. Barry performing the character of *Dr. Cantwell*, and the writer of this that of *Mr. Mawworm*.

---

* We went up in the "America," Captain Aleck Scott,—Mr. J. C. Swon, now one of our most successful and popular steamboat captains, acting as clerk.

I remember, with grateful feelings, that the late Governor Clarke, and most of his family, made it a point, for many years, to attend my benefits, which were always profitable and flattering to my professional pride. Being now a permanent citizen of St. Louis, where I have resided, with little intermission, for twenty years, I look back with pleasure to the days I am now writing about, when I formed acquaintance with the Clarks, the Rulands, the O'Fallons, the Kennetts, the Chouteaus, the Prattes, the Pauls, the Grimsley, the Keemle, the Wilgus, the Millburn, and many—many others, whose friendship I value, and always shall. The drama of the "Gambler's Fate" was produced this season, with great success, and I think with considerable moral effect.

Those were jolly times in ST. LOUIS!

We next proceeded to NATCHEZ, with the intention of making a fall season, previously to opening the Camp Street Theatre in New Orleans. On our way down the river, my brother and myself, with our wives, together with a Mr. Cambridge and a Mr. Wilkie,* were induced to stop and perform a few nights at PORT GIBSON, in the State of Mississippi, and a most pleasant and lively time we had of it—the theatre being crowded every night we remained in that spirited little village. We opened with the "Honey Moon"—and not having a large stock of performers, we were obliged to adopt the *doubling* system. It thus fell to my lot to enact the *Mock Duke*, *Rolando*, *Doctor Lampedo*, and *Neighbor Lopez!* It being our first appearance in the town, and we all strangers to the playgoing community, it was never suspected that each character announced in the bill had not a separate representative. My share of the characters in the comedy was announced thus:

---

* This Mr. Wilkie came to St. Louis, this season, (1828,) from Fort Leavenworth. It appears he had belonged to Mr. Caldwell's company, in Virginia, seven years previous to this date, and seven years before that, (about 1814,) had played with a strolling company in North Carolina. At the remotest period named—just at the conclusion of the war—he got very drunk one night after the

Rolando, (a woman hater) - Mr. Smith.
Jacques, (the Mock Duke) - " Sol Smith.
Dr. Lampedo, - - " S. Smith.
Lopez, - - - " S. F. Smith.

It was remarked, next day, that "there appeared to be a pretty smart chance of Smiths in the company;" which indeed was a fact—there did *appear* to

---

performance, and when he came to his senses, found himself marching with a jolly company of soldiers towards Green Bay, having enlisted for seven years! Having faithfully served out his time, he returned to the South, where he became a member of Mr. Caldwell's company, as above stated. He again got drunk, and again enlisted for seven years! and this time he found himself marching towards Fort Leavenworth. It was at the termination of this second term of seven years that he came to St. Louis, and resumed his situation. At the end of our brief season in Port Gibson, Wilkie was again missing, and I have had no certain information respecting him since: I feel satisfied, however, that he enlisted into *some* service, possibly that of Texas; and when he had served out his stipulated term, may have joined the Santa-fe expedition—then taken a hand in the Mexican war—I don't know.

be a good many, every character but two in the comedy having a Smith opposite to it!

When we had concluded our season of four nights in Port Gibson, it was found impossible to procure carriages to convey us to Natchez—so we had recourse to a large road wagon, drawn by six horses, which carried the company and baggage. Not being desirous to make much of a parade in leaving the town, (in *such* a conveyance,) Pitts, the proprietor of the wagon, was requested to be ready a little before daylight, that we might *quietly* take our departure. Pitts was punctual, but he came dashing down the street with his six horses rigged out in loud sounding sleigh bells! On being remonstrated with, he innocently answered that he didn't intend to *charge us for the extras.* After much persuasion, he took off the bells; but doing this delayed our departure until after sunrise, and we were attended to the end of the town by quite a respectable number of the rising generation, all anxious to get a last peep at the "show folk." At WASHINGTON, six miles from Natchez, we took the precaution to make a halt, and send honest Pitts ahead with our baggage, while we awaited the arrival of a couple of carriages which he was commissioned to send out to us.

At NATCHEZ we found several new members of the company awaiting the opening of the theatre. Among the rest, George Hernizen, H. Pearson, and Mr. and Mrs. Crooke. It was here I again met my old New York strolling manager, H. A. Williams, who was engaged by Mr. Caldwell, as principal low comedian, to supply the place of Mr. Russell. The season was short and very unprofitable.

CHAPTER IV.

THEATRICALS IN MISSISSIPPI AND WEST TENNESSEE.

Eccentricities of Booth—Arrival of a new Actor—Departure for the Country Towns—Memphis, Somerville, Bolivar—A modern Caleb Quotem—A Log Cabin Theatre—Florence—Acting in a Garret—Tuscumbia—Huntsville—Preaching and Playing—Arrive at Tuscaloosa.

MR. BOOTH was nominally our stage manager this season, in NEW ORLEANS, (1828–9.) His "eccentricities," as his drunken capers have been charitably termed, began about this date, and interfered somewhat with the interests of the theatre. Mr. George Holland made his debut in the burletta of a "Day after the Fair," and was immensely successful. More of him hereafter. Mrs. Knight played and sung a very successful engagement this season.

On the 7th January, 1829, my son MARCUS SMITH was born. I mention him out of all my children, because *he* is the only one of them who has chosen the stage as a profession.*

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* The following extract from an editorial report of the opening of the St. Charles Theatre for the season of 1849–50, will show that Master Marcus appeared upon the stage of his native city with a fair chance of attaining popularity.

"Family Jars" was then performed, in which Sol. Smith, as *Old Delph*, kept the house in a continued roar of laughter. In this character he is certainly unapproachable. Mr. Marcus Smith, as *Diggory*, made his first debut before an audience in his native city. He evinces much talent, and is a worthy scion of a worthy stock. They were applauded to the echo, and "take my hat" was

The company was divided about the middle of the season, and a part sent to Natchez, under the direction of Mr. Booth, who exhibited many "eccentricities" to the people of the Bluff City, and more particularly to that portion of them who inhabited the faubourg situated "Under the Hill."

Before the close of this season, my brother and myself obtained leave to withdraw from the company, for the purpose of organizing a small strolling concern, intended to operate on the principal towns of Mississippi and West Tennessee, commencing at PORT GIBSON, where our re-appearance was warmly greeted by the inhabitants. After performing at this village for a couple of weeks, we proceeded to the flourishing town of VICKSBURGH, where a small theatre* was

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twice the cry of enthusiastic admirers as they flung their beavers at the feet of Old Sol. The Messrs. Smith, Sr. and Jr., when "Family Jars" were settled, were called for amid an uproar. The former made a handsome speech on the occasion:

"Twenty-two years ago," said he, "before the birth of my son, I trod the boards in this city in the identical character which I have enacted this evening. The kindness with which you then received me has been generously continued throughout my professional career. In the course of nature, it is not probable that I shall remain long among you as an actor; but I leave my son to take my place, and if he be so fortunate as to receive the same testimonies of regard and kind consideration from the inhabitants of his native city which his father has received, he will have nothing to regret. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for him and for myself."

There was a storm of applause.—*N. O. Picayune, Nov.* 11, 1849.

* The last time I passed Vicksburgh this old building was still standing. It is situated near the "gully," in the upper part of the town, and has been for some years used as a stable. "To what base uses," &c.

Several theatres have been erected in Vicksburgh, and have been burnt nearly as soon as completed.

erected by a Thespian Society, and leased to us. Here we acted for four weeks, with unvaried success; and after returning for a week or two to our starting point, (Port Gibson,) where we played with but moderate success, we proceeded to MEMPHIS, then a very small river town at the mouth of Wolf Creek, in West Tennessee. Here we performed in a *room* fitted up for the occasion in the house of Mr. Young, next to his large warehouse, *then* on the banks of the river. Old Mississippi has since moved away about a quarter of a mile, and Uncle Sam's Navy Yard now occupies the ground where the Father of Waters formerly traced his channel. Memphis, in 1829, contained about six hundred inhabitants, and was considered a "thriving place." Look at it now! (1853.)

Our operations were commenced in Memphis on the 23d of May, 1829, and we performed eight nights, closing on the 3d of June, the total receipts being $319!—an average of less than $40 per night. If my friend Jim Charles does not receive as much in a *single night* as I received in nearly two weeks, he is not making money very rapidly.

On leaving this city our "*journey-work*" commenced in reality. The conveyances to be obtained at this early date were anything but elegant. Common road wagons, drawn by from four to six horses each, bore this small band of Thespians through the "Western District," if not in very great style, certainly in great safety and at an extremely moderate pace. Our first stopping place was SOMERVILLE, where the inhabitants insisted on our giving an entertainment, which was attended by the whole village, the receipts amounting to $39. We gave them the "Day after the Wedding," and a variety of songs and dancing, *without scenery*, and with a very small supply of *lights*. BOLIVAR was our next station, and here a room was very nicely fitted up for our performances, which were fully attended, considering the size of the village. The people seemed *to come out of the woods;* but they gathered every night in such numbers that in a week and a half the receipts amounted to $349, which was an average of nearly $37 per night.

JACKSON was our next town, and here, for the first and last time, we performed in a *log* theatre! A tax was required to be paid for the privilege of performing in this village; but the municipal government promptly met and repealed the ordinance which classed the drama with shows and rope-dancing exhibitions. All honor to them for it! Their example might be followed, without discredit, by the corporations of older and larger cities. Our receipts in twelve nights amounted to $481—about $40 per night.

The citizen of whom we rented the log building which we temporarily converted into a temple of Thespis, bore the name of Cloud—*Caleb Quotem* would have been a more appropriate appellation for this gentleman; for his occupations were as various as the individual so named, if not "more so." He was town constable, clerk of the market, auctioneer, nuisance master, painter (sign and ornamental), carpenter, joiner, negro whipper, tyler of a masonic lodge, sexton, hair cutter, shaver (of bank notes and chins), grocer, whitewasher, proprietor of the theatre, guager of spirituous liquors, baker, and deputy sheriff!

A Mr. Rudicel was not far behind his neighbor Cloud in the number of his callings. He was a dealer in dry goods and groceries, saddle and harness maker, (all at different stores,) tanner and currier, trunk manufacturer, tinner, butcher, boot and shoe maker, brewer, carpenter, justice of the peace, member of the town council, and had a monkey to show!

In the town of FLORENCE, Alabama, which was our next place of stopping, we played in the GARRET of the principal hotel, (the largest room in the place,) but with poor success, our total receipts in seven nights amounting to but $251.

At TUSCUMBIA we fared still worse, receiving only $150 for six nights' performances.

Our "journey-work" was suspended for one month at HUNTSVILLE, where we played eighteen nights in the beautiful little theatre which graces that city, to but a trifle over an average of $50 per night. We performed only four nights in the week; but I find by a memorandum made at the time that there was "preaching every night." The preachers carried the day—and the *night* too,—and we were very glad to escape from Huntsville without a serious pecuniary loss. My brother Lemuel and his wife withdrew from the company at the close of the season here, and went to Cincinnati, where he started a little "journey-work" on his own hook, progressing as far as Pittsburgh, where he disbanded his forces the following spring without making a fortune.

For myself and family, with the traveling band of strolling dramatists, we pursued our way southwardly, and in due time brought up at the seat of government, Tuscaloosa, where we played, with slight interruptions, from the 9th of September until the 8th of January, to houses which barely paid expenses, without giving a dollar to the manager by way of profit.

CHAPTER V.

FIRE IN A THEATRE.

Great Alarm—A palpable Hit, and Nobody hurt.

THE cry of "FIRE!" in a theatre is a most alarming sound. It is alarming any where, but *in a theatre* particularly so. Ever since the burning of the Richmond Theatre, whereby a great number of persons perished, the least alarm of any kind amongst a large assemblage is attributed to *fire*. and a rush is sure to be made for the doors—the "Richmond fire" being uppermost in the minds of all.

Among the expedients resorted to during the somewhat protracted season at the seat of government of Alabama, while awaiting the assembling of the legislature, to draw audiences to our little theatre, was the production of the pantomime of "Don Juan; or, The Libertine Destroyed," with all the "accessories" of snakes spitting flames, fiends with torches, red fire and blue blazes, in the last scene, which was represented in the bills of the day to be no other than the INFERNAL REGIONS, into which the amorous Don was to be cast, without benefit of clergy!

This was all very well in the bills;" and the boys about town were curious to know what sort of a *place* it was they had heard so much about, but never yet gotten a glimpse of. They ran home to their daddies and mammies, and told them all about the "great preparations" going on at the theatre—their daddies and mammies told the neighbors—and by the middle of the afternoon it was pretty generally known about town that "H—ll" was to be played at the theatre that night. The consequence was—a very full house.

Everything went well until the "last scene of all." Don Juan clambered into upper windows, (six feet high)—committed divers murders; escaped in a ship; was cast ashore; had a dance with the peasantry; was invited to sup with a spectre on horseback; did the honors of the table with great propriety, and accepted in return an invitation to sup with the marble statue in a grave yard. Scaramouch, the Don's attendant, had *his* fun, too; and what with riding on the back of a dolphin, dancing with fishermen's wives, and eating maccaroni, he had rather a pleasant time of it.

"Everybody for the last scene!" was called out in the green room; the fiends sprang to their places, the snakes were wriggled into their situations behind each wing—the pots of red and blue fire were manned, and a brilliant ending of the pantomime was anticipated—when suddenly an alarm of fire was heard in the front of the house! Confusion followed, of course; the auditors tumbled over each other, all pushing for the openings—and I am happy to say, that *all but one* got safely out. I will tell you presently about that one; but first it is proper to explain the cause of the alarm, for this time it *had* a cause, which was nothing more nor less than *the burning of one of the wood wings*, the fire having communicated from one of the pots of blue fire, the ingredients of which had not been properly apportioned. On the instant of the alarm, the curtain had been lowered, and in less than a minute the burning wing had been torn down and the fire extinguished, not, however, until the canvass had been burnt from the frame. In the hottest of the rumpus, a man named Somerville cut his way through the curtain, and in endeavroing to stamp out the burning piece of scenery, the pot of blue fire being unseen by him, he *put his foot in it*, and the lower part of his leg was very badly burned. He was confined to his room for several weeks.

Next day after the fire—or the *alarm* of fire—the town rung with an account of the danger encountered by the audience the night previous. The whole affair was greatly exaggerated. It was said, that in an attempt to represent the "infernal regions" on the stage, the scenery had caught fire—the whole theatre only escaping utter destruction by the intrepid daring of young Somerville, who had barely escaped with his life. The bigoted portion of the Tuscaloosans seized upon the circumstance, and held it up as a warning to all play-goers, and shaking their heads ominously, said they knew all along that no good could possibly come from encouraging profane stage plays in a Christian community. The truth is, the tide of public sentiment was fast setting in against our poor little theatre, and I felt it was incumbent on me to do something to stem it. My plan was soon laid, and immediately executed.

I must here state, that the instant the fire had been extinguished, and the house cleared of the alarmed public, I called the scene painter, and told him I would give him a week's salary if he would produce a wood wing the next morning, exactly similar to the one burned. This he undertook to do, and accomplished.

During the afternoon of the next day "I mixed with the people," and ascertained that all were fearful of witnessing a repetition of Don Juan—indeed it seemed to be a pretty well understood thing that no audience could be collected together in that building again! What was to be done? The new theatre at Montgomery (my next stand) was not yet finished, nor would it be in less than four or five weeks.

My plan was this:—I must convince the people that there had *been no fire*—that what they had seen was *only an imitation!*

Collecting together a committee of respectable citizens, we all took a drink and proceeded to the theatre. "Gentlemen," said I, after seating them on the front bench, "it has been reported, much to the injury of my interests, and the interests of the drama, that *there was a fire here last night.* My object in asking you hither, is to disabuse you, and through you the public of Tuscaloosa on this subject." Here one of the cutest of the committee observed—"Come, Smith, that won't exactly do; I was here myself, and there certainly *was* a fire—*something* of a fire; for before the curtain was lowered, I saw one of them *wings*, I think you call them, all in a bright flame."

"My worthy friend," I replied, "I don't in the least doubt you *think* you saw it in a bright flame, as you say; but my object is to convince you that you labored under an optical illusion."

"Optical h—ll and d—n!" exclaimed rather hastily the aforesaid speaker—"I tell you I saw with my own eyes that scenery which stood down there at your left, all in a blaze."

"Excuse me, my dear sir," calmly replied I—"you *think* you saw it; but I'll convince you in one moment of your error."

Here I called the carpenter, and asked him to place the first wood wing in its appropriate groove. This he did almost instantly.

"There, gentlemen," I said, pointing to the newly painted piece of scenery, triumphantly,—"I believe you will recognize that; you have seen it often enough."

A close examination now took place, the result of which was the firm belief that it was the same wing they had supposed to be destroyed by fire. The committee of citizens unanimously agreed that the *imitation* of fire the night previous had been most perfect, and gave me a certificate, which I published in an extra poster, that they had investigated the whole subject, and had come to the conclusion that there had been a FALSE ALARM of fire in the theatre, and that there was no danger whatever in visiting that admirably conducted establisment. "Don Juan" had a "run," and was the most successful piece of the season—the *last* scene being particularly applauded for its truthful representation of the infernal regions.

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But poor SOMERVILLE!—where was *he* all this time? He had heard of the reports about town, that the fire was *all a sham*; but he was confined to his room from the effects of this sham fire. One day he came limping to the theatre.

"Look here, old fellow," said he—"what is all this they've been telling me about your sham fires? Do you mean to say that this burn I've got on my leg was inflicted by sham fire?"

"My dear sir," I replied, gravely—"I don't know *how* you got your hurt; I remember seeing you in here during the alarm—and if you got injured in your efforts to extinguish what you *supposed* to be the flames, I regret it exceedingly."

"But," expostulated Somerville, "do you mean to say, that one of your wings was not in a bright blaze?"

"I mean to say," replied I, "that one of the wings might have *appeared* to be burning—but there is the wing to speak for itself," I continued, pointing it out.

It was a somewhat remarkable wing. It stood front of all the rest, and was therefore familiar to the view of the audience. It was moreover of a peculiar kind, being composed principally of the body of a large tree, with a dead limb on one side and a tremendous knothole on the other. It was a wing to be remembered.

Somerville took a good look at the renovated wing —went around it, viewed it in every light—*felt* of it, and at last, being apparently perfectly satisfied, observed, as he limped away—

"Well, I'll be d—d if that fire wasn't the best IMITATION I ever saw!"

CHAPTER VI.

THEATRICAL PIONEERING ON THE ALABAMA RIVER.

Montgomery—Two worthy citizens—Madame Feron, the Cantatrice—Queer substitutes for an Orchestra—Thomas Hamblin—Selma—A theatre-going community—Mobile.

PREVIOUS to this time I had made a contract with Mr. Caldwell to lease from him the Natchez Theatre for a spring season; and it was now time to wend my way to open that establishment, in order to "catch the stars" as they passed up from New Orleans to the cities of the Western country; but receiving from MONTGOMERY a warm invitation to visit that town, and occupy for a limited period a beautiful new theatre, just erected by a Thespian Society, instead of taking a boat for Mobile, on our way to Natchez, (through New Orleans,) we once more betook ourselves to the large road wagons, and in five days found ourselves, "bag and baggage," at the place which is now the seat of government of Alabama.

Here I became acquainted with John H. Thorington, a lawyer of great practice, who possessed all the qualities requisite to constitute a good man. He is no longer living to read my praises; but it affords me a melancholy pleasure to record his unvarying kindness to me and mine. As mayor or intendant of the town, some years afterwards, he took a decided stand against the *gamblers* who congregated in Montgomery, in great force, and he was persecuted by them in various ways, until he concluded to leave the place, and remove to the western country. In Iowa he was afflicted with a disease consequent upon the severe climate, which settled into his limbs, causing paralysis, and threatening his life. In hopes of relief, he was taken to New Orleans, and placed as a boarder in the Charity Hospital, where he ended his days. I was with him while he was lying on his deathbed, and afforded him at least the satisfaction of knowing he had a friend near him. Poor Thorington! He could not *speak* his thanks; but the pressure of his hand, even after he had lost the ability to raise his arm, told me that his stout Irish heart retained its warmth to the last pulsation.

There were other warm and true friends that I made in Montgomery—George Whitman, for one. At the time I write of, Mr. Whitman was one of the first merchants of the place, and owned real estate sufficient to make him a millionaire, which he would undoubtedly be at this moment—*if he had held on to it.*

The MONTGOMERY THEATRE opened, in an unfinished state, the latter part of January, 1830. The attendance was good for two weeks, which was the limit of our stay, in consequence of my engagement at Natchez. Madame Feron, the great singer, performed with us two nights, and as we were without a regular orchestra, various means were resorted to for an accompaniment to her songs. A piano-forte was introduced upon the stage, and she accompanied herself in some pieces—in others, she pressed me into the service. Thus in the farce entitled, "Of Age to-morrow," the dialogue was necessarily changed a little from the original text:

Maria—I had a lover once.

Baron—A lover? Twenty, I dare say.

Maria—But he deserted me.

Baron—Deserted you? Impossible? What had he to say for himself?

Maria—He said nothing; but [*if you'll have the kindness to seat yourself at that piano, and give me an accompaniment*] I'll tell you what I said to *him*."

Suiting the action to the word, the accomodating Baron Willinghurst (personated by the writer hereof,) seated himself at the piano, and the beautiful song, "As I hang on your bosom," was gloriously breathed forth by the great prima donna of European Opera, in a theatre surrounded by uncut trees, and occupied by an audience whose appreciation was as warm as that of the dilettanti of Italy. In the farce of "No Song no Supper," to account for the presence, in *Farmer Crop's* house, of so rich an article of furniture as a piano-forte, *Crop* was constrained to say that a rich neighbour had *stored* it there until he could get his new house ready for its reception. Thus accounting for the instrument being there, it was an easy matter to ask *Margaretta* to *play upon it*—then a *song* was asked for; and after that another, and so on. Madame Feron entered into the spirit of the scene, and seemed to enjoy herself very much, imparting her good humour to all around, both before and behind the curtain. Mr. Maddox, since manager of the Princess Theatre, London, accompanied Madame Feron, as her man of business. From Montgomery she proceeded to New Orleans, where she had an engagement.

In two weeks we received in Montgomery the sum of $883, out of which I paid Madame Feron $101 for her two nights acting and singing.

At the moment of departure from this village, I had a pleasant interview with Mr. Thomas S. Hamblin, who was returning from a southern engagement. While revising these pages, I hear of his decease!

We proceeded next to SELMA, a very small village on the Alabama river, where we performed nine nights in a ball room, fitted up for the purpose, to receipts of exactly $70 per night. The number of inhabitants did not exceed 400, white, black, and children. Those who visited the theatre, visited it *every* night. The sheriff, being one day compelled to leave town on business, came and *left his dollar* at the bar of the hotel where we performed!

Arrived at Mobile, I was strongly urged to remain there and open the theatre, a shell of a place in St. Francis street, which was offered to me by those who represented the interests of Mr. Ludlow, by whom it was built; but, considering myself bound to open the Natchez Theatre, I pushed on to that city.

CHAPTER VII.

FIFTY MILES A DAY—TOUGH JOURNEY-WORK.

Back to Natchez—Bold move in management—Dividing the Company—Journey-work on horseback—"The king's name a tower of strength"—Riding post—Extract from Journal—Triumphant termination of the season.

The Natchez Theatre opened under my management on the 10th March, 1830, with the following company: Messrs. H. A. Williams, Crooke, Kidd, Campion, Marks, Myers, Tatem, Cole, Anderson, Perry, Sol. Smith: Mesdames Smith, Crooke, Honey, Prescott, Graham, and Miss Vos—which was afterwards augmented by the arrival of my brother, Lemuel Smith, on his return from his unsuccessful traveling expedition to Pittsburgh, and other Ohio river towns, where he experienced the usual vicissitudes which almost invariably attend "schemes" of that kind.

Having at this time accumulated a sufficient sum (about $1100) to *pay all my debts in Cincinnati, with interest*, I was very anxious to proceed thither, and accomplish the object of my seven years' toil. But I soon found that my hard earnings were likely to be swept away by a failing season of a few weeks in Natchez. I now became sensible of the folly of leaving my "journey-work," hard as it was, for the luxury of the "regular theatre." At the close of the first week, the receipts fell $150 short of the expenditures; and it was very evident that there was no likelihood of

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an improvement in the business. In this emergency I ventured upon a bold plan to save myself from loss. It was this: I divided my forces, placing my old New York manager, H. A. Williams, in command of a detachment for PORT GIBSON, where they opened the theatre, and continued to perform three nights in the week for nearly five weeks, at the same time that the Natchez concern was in operation four nights in the week! Even this bold manœuvre came near failing to accomplish the object I had in view, the receipts falling far below my anticipations in the then thriving village of Port Gibson. At the end of the first week's trial there, the following letter from my Lieutenant General was received:

"PORT GIBSON, March —, 1830.

"*My Sovereign*:—This expedition must be a failure, unless I have reinforcements. I have only squeezed out of the Gibsonians $162 in three trials, which, after paying for transportation, and fitting up the house, gives but about $50, with which to liquidate a salary list of $200 and upwards—to say nothing of rent and printer's bills. Might I suggest, mighty sovereign, the kind of force best calculated to retrieve our lost ground here, I should say, COME AND ACT YOURSELF. 'The king's name is a tower of strength,' and if you will authorize me to announce you for Wednesday, as *Captain Copp*, I promise you a rich return from the treasury.

"Your faithful subject,

"H. A. WILLIAMS,

"*Gen. of 2d Division, or Forlorn Hope.*"

The following was my reply:

"THEATRE, NATCHEZ, Sunday, March —, 1830.

"*Gen. Williams*:—I'll try it. Wednesday—Captain Copp.

"Yours truly,
"SOL. SMITH."

The journey of fifty miles was easily performed on horseback, and the result was highly satisfactory—the treasurer's return being for that single night $166—four dollars more than the entire receipts of the previous week! My reception was enthusiastic in the extreme; and being called before the curtain, at the close of the comedy of "Charles II.," I promised a second visit.

Returning to Natchez the next day, and acting in play and afterpiece at night, the Friday morning found me stiff and nearly done up; nevertheless I pushed on to the fulfilment of the promise made to my friends at Port Gibson, and performed *Delph*, on Friday night, to a house rising $100. Acted again at Natchez, on Saturday night; and finding by the meagre receipts at P. G. on the same night, (less than $20!) that my performing the journey every day between our two towns would probably *save me from loss on the season*, I resolved to encounter the fatigue, and made arrangements for a relay of horses, by which means I could perform the journey in five hours. This feat I actually accomplished—traveling fifty miles every day in the week, except Sundays, and acting every night for nearly a month! IT ALMOST KILLED ME; and I feel the effects of such exertions to this day. But my object was gained—my profits at port Gibson equalled my losses at Natchez, and I was enabled to carry out my long cherished wish to PAY MY DEBTS.

It may be interesting to some of the hard working "stock" of the St. Charles, who consider it something of a hardship to rise in the morning in time to attend a 10 o'clock rehearsal, and who can scarcely accomplish the labor of studying a new part once in a week, to learn how I managed to get through the labor above mentioned. Premising that the roads, in those days, were somewhat *muddy* and *deep*, I give a short

EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL:

Wednesday.—Rose at break of day. Horse at the door. Swallowed a cup of coffee while the boy was tying on leggings. Reached Washington at 8. Changed horses at 9—again at 10—and at 11. At 12 arrived at Port Gibson. Attended rehearsal—settled business with stage manager. Dined at 4. Laid down and endeavored to sleep at 5. Up again at 6. Rubbed down and washed by Jim (a negro boy.) Dressed at 7. Acted the "Three Singles" and "Splash." To bed at 11½.

Thursday.—Rose and breakfasted at 9. At 10 attended rehearsal for the pieces of next day. At 1, leggings tied on, and braved the mud for a fifty miles' ride. Rain falling all the way. Arrived at Natches at half-past 6. Rubbed down and took supper. Acted *Ezekiel Homespun* and *Delph* to a poor house. To bed (stiff as steel yards) at 12.

Friday.—Cast pieces—counted tickets—attended rehearsal until 1, P. M. To horse again for Port Gibson—arrived at 7. No time to eat dinner or supper! Acted in the "Magpie and Maid" and "No Song No Supper," in which latter piece managed to get a few mouthfuls of cold roasted mutton and some dry bread, they being the first food tasted this day! &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

BUT I PAID MY DEBTS!

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN TO THE CRESCENT CITY.

Cincinnati—Engagement at Louisville—Jim Crow Rice—Parson Parsons—"My Old Woman"—Off to Nashville—No success there—Bolivar and Memphis—The "Rapid" steamboat—Opening in New Orleans—The Plebeians and Pelbians—Cast of Henry VIII.

THE season over, and all matters settled up with the company, who proposed to visit some of the Louisiana towns, enlisting, for the time being, under the banner of my brother Lemuel, I left Natchez with a light heart, and $1200 dollars in my pocket, for Cincinnati, taking VICKSBURGH in my way, where we performed (my wife and self) with manager Jackson, for one-third of the nightly receipts, clearing $175 in three nights.

Arrived at CINCINNATI, Mr. Ludlow, then manager of the Columbia Street Theatre, offered me an engagement for a few nights, which I accepted, and played *Mawworm* for my benefit. This engagement was not remunerative, either to the manager or myself—the benefit night being the only one which yielded a profit.

A summer's rest placed me on my legs again; and with the coming of the fall season of the year, came the desire to resume the duties of my arduous profession. After negotiating an engagement with Mr. Caldwell for the coming winter in New Orleans, we accepted an offer from Mr. Parsons, acting manager for Mr. Drake, to perform twenty nights in LOUISVILLE, receiving for our services the sum of $220. Mr. T. D. Rice was a member of the company here, and was busily engaged in composing and arranging his "Jim Crow" songs, which afterwards raised him to the topmost wave of popularity, both in this country and England. Charles B. Parsons, the acting manager, took upon himself the leading characters in tragedy, and played *Hamlet*, *Brutus*, *Virginius*, *Rolla*, and pale-face-hating aboriginal characters, "written expressly for him," much to his own satisfaction, and that of the public. I have since heard him give copious extracts from the speeches of *Hamlet*, *in the pulpit*—without, however, having the candor to acknowledge the *name* of the "poet" whose words he was transplanting into his sermons. As a Methodist Preacher, Mr. Parsons succeeds better than he did on the stage—at least I *think* so; and what's more, I believe him to be *now* a sincere Christian—albeit it must be acknowledged he is not yet entirely free from the besetting sin of "our tribe"—vanity.

Miss Eliza Petrie, daughter of the Mrs. Petrie who had traveled with me through Tennessee and Alabama as actress of the old ladies of the drama, was the young lady of the Louisville company. She possessed a good voice for singing, and was beginning to become popular with the public. Mrs. Rowe was the "old woman," and her husband performed the duties of prompter. Old Henderson was here "at home," and very popular. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Muzzy were useful members of the company, as were Mr. and Miss Clarke. My wife played what is termed the singing business, with some parts in comedy, which rendered her a favorite, and ensured her a good benefit, on which occasion she personated the *Countess* in a play entited "My Old Woman." My benefit was also a good one, after taking which, our engagement being over, we proceeded to NASHVILLE, where we were engaged to act six or eight nights, with Messrs. Rowe, Gray and Mondelli, who temporarily had the management of the theatre. All I remember of this engagement is this: a great number of "stars," so called, were playing, and the houses were awfully empty! The names of Mr. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Pearman, Mr. Geo. Holland, and (to make matters worse) the writer hereof and his wife, were all announced in flaming capitals at the head of the bill, on one occasion, without attracting to the house *forty dollars!*

It was at this time, (on our way to Memphis,) that, stopping to dine at BOLIVAR, I was persuaded to remain over night, to "give an entertainment," (as I supposed,) but in fact to *preach a sermon* in the Court-House!—the landlord having previously been told that I had been "converted," and had left the stage. If the reader of this narrative has favored me so far as to glance over my "Theatrical Apprenticeship and Anecdotical Recollections," he or she will here recognize the groundwork of the sketch entiled, "MY FIRST AND LAST SERMON."

At MEMPHIS, on our way to New Orleans, we played a week, with a profitable result, in a temporary theatre, under the management of my brother Lemuel, who at this point concluded his strolling summer season. My brother and the principal members of his party joined Mr. Caldwell's company, and after a delay of two weeks, waiting for a boat, [we are not obliged to wait so long now a-days,] the concentrated theatrical force made their way to the southern emporium, on an unusally slow boat called the "Rapid."

The veteran tragedian, Cooper, came this season to act a fortnight. I remember seeing him play *Virginius*, *Beverly*, *Sir John Falstaff*, (first time,) and *Cardinal Wolsey*. He was not very successful. In "Henry IV." Mr. Holland and myself were cast for the *carriers*—Holland being announced at the head of the bill as a star!

Mr. Pelby also played an engagement, and had some disagreement with the management, which led to a personal encounter between him and the stage manager, Cowell. A large portion of the company sided in opinion with Mr. Pelby, supposing him to be ill used *on account of his being an American;* and the matter frequently forming the subject of discussion in the green room, the prompter one night became confused, and instead of calling the Roman citizens to the stage as "*All the Plebeians*," bawled out, "*All the Pelbians!*" which caused a great laugh at the time. A lawsuit was the result of the misunderstanding between Mr. P. and the manager, and that eventuated in a verdict for——I don't know which of the parties, and *now* I don't care.

The play of "Henry VIII." was produced with great splendor, and with the following cast, so far as my memory serves me:

King Henry VIII., - -	Mr. J. M. Scott.
Cardinel Wolsey, - -	" Cooper.
Buckingham, - - -	" Pearson.

Cromwell, - - - - Mr. Lullow.
Lord Sands, - - - " Sol. Smith.
Queen Katherine, - - Miss Jane Placide.
Anne Boleyn, - - - Mrs. Rowe.
Patience, (with song "Angels ever bright,") Mrs. Sol. Smith.

Mr. Cooper appeared twice as *Jack Falstaff*, which character he personated, according to my poor judgment, better than any individual who had undertaken it on the American stage since the days of Cooke, whose style he followed as nearly as he could.

Clara Fisher performed a successful engagement here this season, [1830–31.] A beautiful actress she then was, and a beautiful woman—the latter she is yet, to my eyes. I have not seen her act since the above date; but she must be (as Mrs. Maeder) a most desirable person in a dramatic company, for she cannot be persuaded away from New York, where she is yearly "scrambled" for by the managers.

CHAPTER IX.

NATCHEZ AND ST. LOUIS—JOURNEY-WORK RESUMED.

Detachment for Natchez—Falling Season at St. Louis—Organization for more Journey-Work.

It became the policy of the management to make a season at NATCHEZ, for the purpose of sending thither some of the "stars" who visited New Orleans. A detachment of the company was according detailed for that city, and the command given to Mr. Ludlow. My brother Lem and myself, with my wife, (Lem's wife remained at Cincinnati,) were among the unhappy *conscripts.* With great reluctance we departed for the City of the Bluffs, for we had provided ourselves with comfortable winter quarters in the Crescent City. However, there was no appeal from Manager Caldwell's decisions—and if you attempted to remonstrate with him on any subject, he was sure to *convince you* that you were in the wrong! So we went to Natchez.

In consequence of what I then considered and do yet consider the injustice of the management towards my wife, in Natchez, I withdrew her from the theatre during the early part of the season, and she consequently did not appear again until my benefit, which was a very great one, yielding a receipt of two hundred dollars more than than that of any other member of the company. During the season Miss Clara Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Plumer, Mr. Charles Kean and Mr. J. M. Scott performed starring engagements, which were more or less profitable (generally *less*) to the proprietor. Upon the whole, the season could not be said to be a successful one.

Accepting a re-engagement with Mr. Caldwell, we next went with the company to St. Louis, where the season was an utter failure. I find, by reference to some scraps of memoranda, that the theatre closed in July, and the main body of the dramatic forces proceeded to Louisville, (still under the management of Viceroy Ludlow,) whilst I, with a small party, gathered together in haste, opened the St. Louis Salt House Theatre *at half price*, and did a thriving business for two weeks. The newly organized company consisted of Messrs. L. Smith, (leading actor in tragedy, and light comedy,) Pearson, Carter, Baily, Short, Palmer, Jones, Wilkins, Mrs. Sol. Smith, (leading actress,) Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Palmer and Miss Carter. Baily was the most useful man I ever employed. Besides acting, and singing between the pieces, he was "Property Man," and attended entirely to the fitting up of our temporary theatres while we were journeying. St. Louis at this time contained less than 7000 inhabitants.

From St. Louis we traveled on the steamer Powhattan. Col. Twiggs, of the army, was among the passengers. I had the happiness of forming his acquaintance, and found him to be a most agreeable gentleman. When I left the boat, he presented me with an Indian pipe, which I carefully preserved for the fire of 1838, in Mobile.

CHAPTER X.

SECOND SEASON IN WEST TENNESSEE.

Third visit to Memphis—Bolivar, Florence and Tuscumbia—Eulogistic Poetry—Columbia—Thespian Theatre at Pulaski—The Stage Struck Young Lady—A Black Cloud—The Chase.

Our first halting place, in this our new campaign, was Memphis. Here we performed seven nights with indifferent success, and then departed for Bolivar, where my former landlord received me with open arms, having found out that the report of my having retired from the stage and *taken to preaching*, was all a mistake. I think, however, my "First and Last Sermon" must have converted a good many of the Bolivarians, for they no longer flocked to the theatre, as on the occasion of our former visit. Our total receipts in six nights amounted to but $151. We left, and I have never visited that village since—either as an actor or as a preacher.

In Florence we fared no better—the receipts averaging about the same as at Bolivar. We tried a week over at Tuscumbia; but a religious excitement prevailing there at the time, (one lady, a Mrs. Goodlow, hanged herself in her ecstasy,) we played but six nights, to an average of $42 per night, and quit. The only other incident of interest, during our stay in this place, was the evident impression I made on the susceptible heart of some young lady, which caused her to break out in the following paraphrase of some old verses, through the newspaper:

TO "OLD SOL"—*The Western Comedian.*

BY A YOUNG LADY OF TUSCUMBIA.

Let bigots rail against the stage,
  In senseless declamation dull;
They ne'er, with all their rant and rage,
  Could calm a heart, like thee, "*Old Sol!*"

Let others praise the *Forrest* green,
  And some their *Booths* will yet extol;
But to expel the blues or spleen,
  You're for my money, yet, "*Old Sol!*"

Let dandies stay at home and gaze
  Upon some automaton doll;
Such senseless beings, some may please,
  Because they've never seen thee, "[illegible]

And lovers, too, be highly pleased
  While pleading to some Pegg or Poll,—
I'd with such nonsense ne'er be teazed
  While I could hear thee plead, "*Old Sol!*"

Farewell, and may it be thy lot,
  Where'er you go t'have houses full—
And when you come this way, I wot,
  We'll treat you with a *Bumper*, "SOL!"

Our next town was COLUMBIA, (Tenn.,) where we acted twelve nights in a very neat little theatre, owned by a histrionic association, and our receipts reached $60 per night. I find, on reference to my cash book, that the comedy of the "Hypocrite" was the most attractive piece we played about these days.

At the spirited little town of PULASKI we performed a week, in the theatre belonging to the Thespian Society, to very good houses. Previous to commencing, we attended a representation of the society, by invitation, and I must say I have seldom enjoyed a performance more than on that occasion. The theatre was about sixty feet long and thirty wide. No boxes—all pit. Over the curtain were two ill-proportioned mermaids, or some other nondescript animals, blowing trumpets, and supporting a scroll with these words inscribed upon it: "THE WORLD IN MINIATURE." Underneath this motto was painted what was intended to be a representation of a pile of drums, trumpets, fiddles, guitars, and cannon balls; the remainder of a very high proscenium, tapering off at the top like the gable-end of a house, was painted to resemble *brick!* This embellishment was hugely admired by the Pulaskians; and I was called upon for *my* opinion of the *decorations.* Of course I admired them very much. The Thespian performances consisted of the "Soldier's Daughter," and "Three Weeks after Marriage." The costume adopted by the amateur actors was ludicrous in the extreme. The reading and acting were equally so. The gentlemen wore their hats pulled down over their eyes during the whole evening, as if fearful of being known. The *ladies* (made of large boys) strided about in a very peculiar and unfeminine manner. Young *Malfort* entered through a back window! and justified the *step* by the language of the text, which makes him say, "I believe I have mistaken the apartment." *Frank Heartall*, in expressing his extravagant joy at finding his supposed rival is a *brother* of the widow, instead of making use of the language selected for that purpose by the author, broke out in the following strain: "I am so happy that I could jump over the Ohio, wade up the Mississippi, and tow two steamboats over the Falls at Louisville!" In the afterpiece *Sir Charles Rackett* changed the game of whist to that of *poker*, as being a game better understood in that section of country, and swore at his wife at a terrible rate, using the profane expression, "By G—d!" at least fifty times!

A fair-haired girl, sixteen years of age, followed us to this place from Columbia, with a determination to join the company and become an actress. I dissuaded her from her purpose; but she persisted. I placed her under the care of the landlady of the house where we boarded, and promised to give her an answer to her application in a week. In the meantime I wrote back to her parents, stating the circumstances of the girl's elopement, and begging them to come or send for her. The day before we left the town, her brother arrived, and after much persuasion on his part, and a positive refusal to receive her into the company on mine, she consented to return to her anxious parents.

The night previous to our departure, we were complimented with a serenade, by all the musicians of the place.

My brother and myself were in the habit of playing off all sorts of jokes—at the expense of whoever happened to come in our way, and occasionally on *each other*. We left Pulaski on a Sunday morning. The ladies were provided with a carriage, while Lem and myself rode on horseback. The carriage started early, and was many miles on the road before we left the hotel, where I was detained an hour or two in settling up the bill, and closing the business of the little season. Lem managed to slip off a few minutes before me, promising to wait my coming up a couple of miles from the town. He *did* wait for me. As I was descending into one of the beautiful vallies of that region, I saw before me a little army of negroes, some on horseback and others on foot, drawn up across the road, as if to interrupt my progress. I paid but little attention to this, as I knew the slaves were mostly at liberty on Sundays, and I supposed they had a gathering for some frolic of their own. The only thing that puzzled me was the fact that there was my brother, riding up and down, marshaling the negroes, addressing them earnestly, and frequently pointing towards *me* as I descended the hill. I was not left long in doubt as to their intentions; for when I had arrived within about ten yards of the crowd, my brother called out to me, at the top of his voice—"I charge you, in the name of General Jackson and the State of Tennessee, to surrender!" To carry on the joke which I supposed he was playing on the negroes, I answered—"I will not surrender with life." Upon receiving this answer, he instantly turned to the crowd, and addressing it in a very earnest manner, said—"This is the murderer of my brother Sol.—seize him!" The negroes made a rush towards me, and urged on by my mischievous brother, attempted to seize my bridle rein. Finding there was no escape but in flight, I put spurs to my horse, and upsetting some of the foremost of the gang, made my way through the crowd, and set off at full speed towards Huntsville. I was closely followed by my brother, and the *black crowd*, several miles, the hue and cry bringing out fresh forces from every plantation we passed. By hard riding I at length distanced my pursuers, all but Lem, who of course zealously pursued the supposed murderer of his brother, until the negroes were left far behind. We then enjoyed a most hearty laugh—but both of us resolved to leave off such practical jokes against each other, lest we might some day raise a storm we could not quell, which was nearly the case in the present instance.

CHAPTER XI.

MANAGERIAL COUP D'ETAT.

Last visit to Huntsville and Tuscaloosa—The colored property-man—Candidates for the stage—*Coup d'etat*—Adjournment of a Night Session—A good benefit.

At Huntsville we made a season of four weeks, and our receipts averaged only $60 per night. This was my last professional visit to this thriving city. The drama *may* flourish here at some distant day; but it will be when religious meetings and faro banks shall have lost their attractions.

A journey of one hundred and eighty miles brought us to Tuscaloosa, where the state legislature was in session, and where we opened on the 19th of November, 1831, with the "Soldier's Daughter," and the "Two Gregories."

On the second night we performed "Pizarro," my brother acting the part of *Rolla*. In the last act, after seizing the child, and as he was rushing up towards the bridge, he observed a tall negro holding a teacup full of *blood*, (rose pink,) which was wanted almost immediately on the other side of the stage. As he passed, he said to the negro—"Here, boy, carry that blood round to me on the other side—I want it the moment I cross the bridge." Away dashed Rolla, bearing the child aloft, amidst a volley of Spanish musketry; and turning to cut away the bridge with his sword, what was his horror to see the tall negro walk deliberately upon the stage, between the "waters," and in full sight of the audience, holding the cup in one hand and stirring up the contents with the forefinger of the other, and hear him exclaim—"Heah, master Smith—here's your blood!" I ordered the drop to be lowered immediately, to shut in the ludicrous scene.

While in Tuscaloosa, I received the following applications. They will serve as a specimen of the hundreds received in the course of a year:

"To the theatre at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. The postmaster will please present this to some of the performers at the theatre.

"*Gentlemen*—I would claim your attention for a few minutes on a subject which I feel deeply interested in. I am now a clerk in the small village of Moulton, Lawrence county, Alabama. I have been to several theatres, and have read many of Shakspeare's plays, which convinces me at once that I was destined for no other purpose than to be a performer on the stage your company as I have been informed is the most selebrated in the State for its order and intelligence. My family are respectable and wealthy they do not live near this place and I have always wished to travel or end my days on the stage. It is probable that you may want a young man who would feel himself under many obligations to be one of your company and as it is essential to performers to be a good size &c mine is as follows I am common size weigh 130 or 140 pound well proportioned 18 years of age and if you think I will suit you please let me know and also the terms on which you would be willing to receive me by so doing you will confer a favor on one who can properly appreciate your kindness with much respect I am your friend Alex Dupont."

The other is dated December 17, 1831, and comes from I know not where.

"To Mr. Solomon Smith, Esqr.

"Dear sur I have discovered since you was here at this place, and performd at the Bell Tavern in Selma that Miss Sarah Robeson, was verry ankshious to jine you as an Acktriss and I have every resun to bleve that she wood make a furst-rait one, and iff you stand in kneed of sich a pursen I have no dout butt you could git her on aplekashun. She wood willingly have gon with you when you was here but she was a little two delikit to make her whish nown to you without havving sum solissitashun and conskuently she made her intenshuns nown to me, so that threw me they mite be made nown to you and iff you will enquier in Selma and see the girl I have no dout butt you wood doo her a favur. I rite this at her rekuest. Ures and so fourth."

[Signature omitted.]

Towards the close of the season the *night sessions* of the legislature interfered considerably with the interests of the theatre,—so much so, indeed, that whenever a night session was held our hall was nearly deserted.

My benefit was announced for the closing night of the dramatic season, and I did hope that on this particular occasion a night session of the legislature would be dispensed with, as many influential members of both houses had assured me they would do all in their power to make my benefit a good one.

The election of bank directors, by joint ballot, had been postponed from day to day for nearly a week—one house resolving on meeting the other on such a day, and the other *amending* the resolution, by proposing another, and so on; until the very day my benefit was announced to take place at night. Just as the house was about to adjourn, in the afternoon, the resolution of the senate appointing that very day for the election of directors, was amended by substituting "at night," and it was generally understood by senators, representatives, and citizens, that the senate would meet and *concur* in the amendment of the house, and that immediately thereupon the senate would proceed to the hall of the house of representatives, and the election would be proceeded with. No one unacquainted with Alabama politics, can form the least idea of the absorbing interest created by these elections, by the legislature in joint session. Everything else is forgotten—the galleries are crowded with spectators; the whole town turns out *en masse*, as though the affair could not be gotten through with without their general and particular attention. As for myself, I saw at a glance that "it was all up with me," unless I could, by a bold and successful *coup d'etat*, upset the whole arrangement of the "collected wisdom" of the Commonwealth.

"Here goes," said I to my brother, as I sallied out after a late and hasty dinner—"Nothing like trying! Go to the theatre and have everything ready for a punctual beginning."

"All right," answered Lem.—"I'll have everything ready, you may depend on *that*; but I fear we shall have to play to empty benches."

"Perhaps not," I replied;

"If I fail not in my deep intent,

we shall play the 'Hypocrite' to a good house yet." So saying, I departed on my electioneering mission.

During two seasons in Tuscaloosa, it may be supposed I had made many friends, both among the members of the legislature and the citizens. As I hurried through the streets on my present errand, I met many of the latter, who shook their heads in a peculiarly sorrowful and discouraging manner, saying, "Ah, Sol., old fellow, your benefit to-night—

meant to attend—but this election—must go and see *that*—very sorry," and words of like import. All seemed to agree in one thing—*there would be nobody at the theatre, and I had better postpone;* but I had no idea of giving it up so, as I had contracted with a boat which was to leave the next morning, to take the company to Mobile. "I'll have a full house yet," I said to myself, as I mounted the steps of the state house, where the members and spectators were already beginning to assemble in large numbers. I stationed myself in the lobby of the senate chamber, where I soon had an opportunity of speaking with Judge Perry, an influential member of the senate, who had frequently professed himself my friend, and willing to serve me if in his power.

"Judge," said I, hastily seizing him by one of his coat buttons, "you have it in your power to do me an essential service."

"Glad of it," answered the Judge. "What can I do for you, friend Sol.?"

"My benefit takes place to-night," said I—

"So it does," replied the Judge—"I recollect—Hypocrite—Mawworm—ha! ha! ha!—wanted to be there; but this confounded joint session—it will kill your house—can't you postpone?"

"No—must start for Mobile to-morrow—passages engaged. *Can't you postpone this joint session?*" demanded I, looking him boldly in the face.

"Oh, no—no; impossible. It is an understood thing—the election will certainly come off to-night—no getting over it," said Judge Perry, evidently sorry that he could not oblige me.

"But, Judge," persisted I—"the senate has not yet concurred in the amendment of the house."

"That's true," he replied—"but it *will* concur—mere matter of form—that will be the first business; and we then proceed to the house, where the people are now assembled waiting for us."

"Well, Judge—you have often expressed a wish to serve me—you now have it in your power."

"How?"

"Thus—*vote against concurring in the amendment of the house.*"

"My dear fellow—it will be of no use whatever—*one vote* against concurring cannot be of any service to you; the election will certainly go on."

"Never mind that—if you wish to manifest your friendship, promise me that you will vote in the way I wish."

"Well, well, I do—you have my promise for that," were the concluding words of the judge, as he left me to take his seat in the senate chamber, "but rely upon it the election will go on."

Having thus secured the judge, I turned my atten- to another senator, who, under the supposition that *one vote* would make no difference in the intended action of the senate, pledged me that *he* would vote against concurring with the house amendment. I then attacked another senator, with the same result; and another, and so on, until I had the pledges of thirteen senators, each supposing he was the *only* one who had promised me to vote in the negative. *I had thus secured a majority,* when the President's hammer called the senate to order.

"The first business before the senate, gentlemen," spoke the President, (Mr. Pickens, I think,) "is the amendment of the house to the resolution appointing a joint session for the election of bank directors; the question is on concurring with the amendment—is the senate ready for the question? As many as are in favor of the amendment appointing this evening for the joint session, will signify, the same by saying AYE."

A considerable number of "Ayes" responded—enough, as it was generally supposed, to carry the question in the affirmative. As a mere matter of form, however, the President continued—

"As many as are of a different opinion, will signify the same by saying No."

To the astonishment of every person in the hall, a considerable number of "*Noes*" were heard. The President thought there was some mistake, (so well was it understood that the election was to take place that night,) and required that those who voted in the affirmative should RISE. Twelve senators stood up, who, after being carefully counted, were directed to resume their seats. The negative vote was then called in the same way, when THIRTEEN members rose to their feet, looking around on each other with evident surpise at finding so numerous a vote in the negative.

The President, after counting the negative vote twice over, to make sure, announced that the amendment was LOST. A motion to *adjourn*, made by my friend, Judge Perry, was now carried by acclamation, and in less than three minutes the house followed the senate's example, and streams of people were seen issuing from the state house, chatting to each other, and asking what in the world it all meant?

My benefit was a most brilliant one, and a few "extra licks" I threw into the character of "Mawworm," told immensely with the audience, particularly with the thirteen non-concurring senators.

CHAPTER XII.

MY FIRST SEASON IN MOBILE.

Arrival in Mobile—Thadeus Sanford, the Editor—Finn—Out-Door Estimates of Theatrical Receipts—Purdy Brown—Montgomery—Contemplated Invasion of Georgia—Selma and Cahawba—Disappointment for Disappointment—Journey through the Creek Nation.

Next day, Jan. 15, 1832, we embarked on board the "American," Capt. Hammond, which in three days carried us safely to Mobile, a city which I had long wished to visit professionally.

The first person I met on landing was Thadeus Sanford—a gentleman whom I consider, after an acquaintance of more than twenty years—one of the very best men I ever knew, and a true friend. I am glad to find his political services have at last been appreciated—President Pierce having appointed him Collector of the Port of Mobile.

A small theatre was fitted up *over a billiard room* in Royal street, and the first season of my theatrical management in Mobile commenced on the 25th of January, 1832, with the comedy of the "Soldier's Daughter" and farce of the "Lying Valet."

The company consisted of Messrs. L. Smith, Palmer, Pearson, H. A. Williams, Carter, Madden, Morton, Baily, Davidson, Trower, Donaldson and Sol. Smith; Mesdames Sol. Smith, Carter, Sizer, Williams and Miss Carter.

Henry J. Finn came and played an engagement of six nights, much to the delight of the Mobilians.

Mr. Ned Raymond also performed a starring engagement, and made money. He made his first appearance on any stage in Rochester, N. Y., in 1825, in the character (or charac*ters*) of the *Actor of All Work*. His ambition was then to become a low comedian—now he aspired to tragedy, and figured in *Virginius* and *Brutus*. A year or two afterwards, in a fit of mania potu, he committed suicide by throwing himself from one of the wharves in Boston. Raymond was not his real name; *that* I withhold in consideration for the feelings of his surviving relations, who reside in the city of New York.

This was considered a most *successful season*, and it *was* moderately so. As it was my *first* in Mobile, and was the stepping stone to my future operations in that city, an accurate account of the business of the season may not be entirely without interest to the reader:

First	week,	Receipts,	(4 nights,) . . .	$820.00
Second	"	"	(6 nights,) . . .	660.00
Third	"	"	" " . . .	820.00
Fourth	"	"	(5 nights,) . . .	543.00
Fifth	"	"	" " . . .	505.00
Sixth	"	"	(6 nights,) . . .	1279.00
Seventh	"	"	" " . . .	764.00
Eighth	"	"	(2 nights,) . . .	255.00
Total receipts of the season, ...				$5,146.00
My expenses during the eight weeks, including $575 paid to stars, and without reckoning traveling expenses to and from Mobile, amounted to				5,121.00
Leaving me a profit of				$25.00!!

If any citizen of Mobile had been asked to give an estimate of the profits of the theatre that season, *ten thousand dollars* would probably have been the very least sum thought of! And so it is with nearly every out-door estimate of the business of theatres. For my own part, I must confess that the remembrance of my first professional visit to Mobile causes none but pleasing sensations. The audiences were easily pleased, and the actors exerted themselves to the utmost in their several roles, in gratitude for the leniency of the public.

Towards the close of the season's operations, Mr. Purdy Brown, by his agent, Mr. James P. Baily, opened, in an unfinished state, and with a very meagre company, a new theatre in St. Emanuel street, and I withdrew my forces to Montgomery—deeming it better to leave the field to the invading army than to fight a battle in which both parties must inevitably be losers.

A most disastrous season my friend Brown had of it, commencing as it did late in February, and closing in the spring with a heavy loss, notwithstanding the attempts to retrieve the fortunes of the day by bringing on the field a large force of *cavalry*. Poor Purdy! I have some reminiscences in store respecting him, which I may or may not put on paper for the amusement of the reader. He is gone to another scene of action, where I trust he is free from the annoyances of theatrical management, which, to say the truth, he was every way unfitted for, while, as a manager of a *circus*, no one was more capable.

I have not preserved the records of our season at MONTGOMERY; but it was quite successful, yielding a handsome profit. It was from this point I made my arrangements for the *invasion of Georgia*, which event was to take place in the month of May of this year.

But before proceeding through the Creek nation to that old and patriotic state, we were induced to pay a short visit to SELMA, where we were welcomed by the same generous support ($70 per night) which had been extended to my former company, the year before.

In an unlucky hour I listened to the urgent solicitations of several of the most influential citizens of CAHAWBA, to give a week's performance at that ancient village, formerly the seat of government of the state; but the "lovers of the drama" were too few in number to remunerate us for our trouble, and after playing five nights to wretched business, the steamer "Herald" heaving in sight, I "pulled up stakes" in double quick time, and we embarked, bag and baggage, for Montgomery.

"Hallo! Smith!" cried one from the crowd, as the last bell rang for starting!—"you are not going to leave us in this way?"

"Yes, I am," answered I from the hurricane deck. "Your town don't pay expenses—must go."

"But," persisted my friend on the shore, "the people have all been holding back for the *last night*. They will be greatly disappointed."

"Can't help it," I replied—"*they* have disappointed *me* five nights—and must become reconciled to my disappointing *them* once." And off we went.

We made another short season in MONTGOMERY, and then, our arrangements for traveling being completed, we wended our way through the Creek nation.

I could fill volumes with accounts of this and other journeys through this then uncultivated country; but I spare the reader all details, and carry him straight through, barely stopping by the way to say that we "put up" the second night, on this particular occasion, at the BLACK WARRIOR'S, where the warrior's wife (the warrior himself being off on a hunt) gave us rather "lenten fare," but fed our horses well; bad beds, well peopled with fleas and bed-bugs; and made enormous charges for our accommodation. At Mr. Elliott's, twelve miles from Columbus, we fared much better, being served with an excellent supper of fish, which the landlord informed me he caught in great abundance—sometimes as many as 300 a night—in a trap!

Sunday morning, May 20th, 1832, we crossed the Chattahoochie river, leaving Alabama behind us.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE INDIAN WAR-DANCE.

Georgia—Columbus Theatre Built in Four Days—Performance of "Pizarro" with real Indians—Unusual Ceremonies in the Temple of The Sun.

GEORGIA! generous, hospitable Georgia! How well do I remember my sensations, when first entering upon your soil! It was Sunday, and the streets of COLUMBUS were filled with gaily dressed citizens and Creek Indians. The arrival of a theatrical company created a decided sensation.

"When do you open?" was the general question.

"Next Thursday," was the response.

"*Where* do you open?" was the next and most natural inquiry.

"In the NEW THEATRE," was the brief, but somewhat puzzling reply.

Having taken possession of apartments in the Columbus Hotel, then kept by Messrs. Pomeroy and Montague, I asked that a message should be sent to the most expeditious contractor in the city. A Mr. Bates soon appeared, and in twenty minutes he had my directions. On the next Saturday the following *true* paragraph appeared in one of the newspapers:

> "EXPEDITION.—A theatre 70 feet long by 40 wide, was commenced on Monday morning last, by our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. Bates, and finished on Thursday afternoon, in season for the reception of Mr. Sol. Smith's company on that evening. A great portion of the timber, on Monday morning, waved to the breeze in

its native forest; fourscore hours afterwards, its massive piles were shaken by the thunder of applause in the crowded assemblage of men."

Here began my acquaintance—may I not say FRIENDSHIP?—with Mirabeau B. Lamar, Esq., afterwards President of Texas. He was a candidate for Congress—not nominated on the ticket of either party, but "on his own hook"—merely for the "excitement" it afforded him. With the same object he traveled through Texas, fought at the battle of San Jacinto, eventually submitted his name to the people of that redeemed country, as a candidate for the highest office in their gift, and was elected.

"Pizarro" was one of our most popular stock plays. My brother Lem's *Rolla* was his best tragic character; when dressed for the part he *looked* every inch an Indian chief. At Columbus we produced this tragedy *with real Indians for the Peruvian army.* The effect was very *striking*, but there were some unrehearsed effects not set down in the bills. I had bargained with a chief for twenty-four Creek Indians, (to furnish their own bows, arrows and tomahawks,) at 50 cents each, and a glass of whiskey. Unfortunately for the entire success of the performance the whiskey was paid, and drank, in advance, causing a great degree of exhilaration among our new *supes*. They were ranged at the back of the theatre building, in an open lot, during the performance of the first act; and on the commencment of the second, they were marshaled into the back door, and posted upon the stage behind the scenes. The entrance of Rolla was the signal for a "shout" by the company, carpenters, and scene-shifters—the Indians, supposing *their time* *had come*, raised such a yell as I am sure had never before been heard inside of a theatre. This outburst being quelled, the scene between Alonzo, Cora and the Peruvian chief was permitted to proceed to its termination uninterrupted; but when the scene changed to the "Temple of the Sun," disclosing the troops of Rolla, (his "brave associates, partners of his toil, his feelings and his fame,") drawn up on each side of the stage in battle array, the plaudits of the audience were answered by whoops and yells that might be, and no doubt were heard a mile off. Order being partially restored, Rolla addressed his army, and was greeted with another series of shouts and yells, even louder than those which had preceded. Now came *my* turn to take part in the unique performance. As *High Priest of the Sun*, and followed by half a dozen virgins, and as many priests, with measured step, timed to slow music, I emerged from behind the scenes, and "with solemn march" perambulated the stage, in dumb show called down a blessing on the swords of King Ataliba and General Rolla, and in the usual impressive style, looking up into the front gallery, commenced the INVOCATION TO THE SUN. Before the time for the joining in of the chorus, I found I was not entirely alone in my singing. A humming sound, at first low and mournful, and rising gradually to "*forte*," greeted my ear; and when our chorus *did* join in the strain, it was quite overpowered by the rising storm of "*fortissimo*" sounds which were issuing from the stentorian lungs of the savages; in short, *the Indians were preparing for battle*, by executing, in their most approved style, the Creek WAR-SONG and DANCE! To attempt stopping them, we found would be a vain task; so that after a moment or two of hesitation, the virgins made a precipitate retreat to their dressing rooms, where they carefully locked themselves in. The King, Rolla and Orano stood their ground, and were compelled to submit to the new order of things. The Indians kept up their song and war-dance for full half an hour, performing the most extraordinary feats ever exhibited on a stage, in their excitement scalping King Ataliba, (taking off his wig,) demolishing the altar, and burning up the Sun! As for Lem and I, (Rolla and the High Priest,) we joined in with them, and danced until the perspiration fairly rolled from our bodies in large streams, the savages, all the time, flourishing their tomahawks and knives around our heads, and performing other little playful antics not by any means agreeable or desirable. At last, to put an end to a scene which was becoming more and more tiresome as it proceeded, an order was given to *drop the curtain.* This stroke of policy did not stop the ceremonies, which proceeded without intermission until the savages had finished their song and dance, when, each receiving his promised half-dollar, they consented to leave the house, and our play proceeded without them. Next night the same troupe came to the theatre and wanted to "*assist*" in the performance of "Macbeth," but I most positively declined their "valuable aid."

CHAPTER XIV.

GETTING THROUGH A SUMMER.

Macon, Milledgeville and Athens—Editor Pemberton—Madison—The fat Landlord—Magnesia and chalk—Monticello—A feline Auditor—Negro Prayer—A thin Tony Lumpkin.

After a season of two weeks, we made a move for Macon, where another temporary theatre was put up in a little less than a week's time. Here we performed to respectable and very discriminating audiences for about five weeks, after which we raised the dramatic flag at the capital of the state, Milledgeville. A theatre was erected here as early as 1817, as I was told; but at the time we took possession of it, the famed Augean Stable must have been a carpeted parlor in comparison with it. Thirty barrels of lime were used in the cleansing of this temple of Thespis, and even then it always retained a rather unsavory odor. Our visit was hailed with delight by the noble-hearted Georgians, and for one week our audiences were large and fashionable. It being about "commencement" time at Athens, we posted off to that classic village, where *another new theatre*—built in three days—was prepared for our reception.

My brother Lem was not with us here. He had obtained leave of absence for a brief period, to visit Cincinnati, where he performed a starring engagement in a new theatre opened that season by our former manager, Mr. Caldwell. He also performed a brief engagement at Louisville.

At Athens our success was but meagre. The exercises of "commencement" engrossed the public attention, and we closed our doors after a season of one week.

At this place I experienced the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with A. H. Pemberton, Esq., one of the ablest editors of the state, and author of the best *Defence of the Drama* which ever came under my notice.

At a small town called MADISON, we "hung out our banner" for a week, and performed in the ball room of a tavern kept by a Mr. Campbell, a large fat man—"fat as butter,"—who fed and slept us well, and *charged* us accordingly. Total receipts for the week, $205! The barber who shaved me in this village, a very black negro, had a light mulatto wife. They had several children of the proper shade of color, and one, the youngest, almost *white*. Being asked the reason of the last child's being so much whiter than the others, the barber very innocently answered that it was all owing to his wife having followed the advice of a white lady during her pregnancy, and *taken a great deal of magnesia and chalk to cure the dyspepsia.*

Our fat landlord was a very religious individual—a great hand at revivals and camp meetings; and it was only by dint of hard persuasion the town's people could obtain his consent to receive into his hall the sinful actors. But it so turned out that Mr. Boniface, after taking a few peeps behind the scenes, became greatly taken with the plays; so much so that one night he boldly walked into the front among the audience, and took a conspicuous seat, determined to "see it out." The people welcomed him with a round of applause which he did not take to himself, but turning around, before seating himself, he said: "Oho! you talk of *my* making a noise at camp-meetings—I've got you now—*you* make a plaguy deal more noise here at the show than I ever did there." Another "round" greeted our fat landlord, and the curtain went up.

Our next town was MONTICELLO, where we performed in the dining-room of Mr. Stovall, and occupied one of his best parlors for a green room. Receipts for the week, precisely the same as at Madison, after paying $25 tax, which the commissioners demanded for the privilege of leaving about $100 dollars more in their town than we received. We had here *one* auditor, a constant attendant, who evidently appreciated our performances—a cat! Every night she found her way into the theatre, and seating herself immediately in front of the footlights, watched and listened to the performances from beginning to end!

We returned to MILLEDGEVILLE and performed two weeks, with poor success, closing 1st of September.

Opened at MACON Monday, September 3d, and performed one week only; after which we pushed on to COLUMBUS, where we managed to stay three weeks, the policy being to pass the time away until the meeting of the legislature in Milledgeville.

Being up and out on a walk early one morning—this was at Macon—I strolled to the Methodist church, where I heard singing. Stepping in and taking a seat, I found assembled six negro men, one mulatto girl, and two white men. A lazy looking young fellow, one of the white men, seemed to conduct the affair—asking his *white brethren* and *black brethren* to pray alternately. I stayed to hear one *white* and one *black* prayer—and it is difficult to say which was better of the two. The *black man* prayed in something like the following words:

> "O! most holy and significant Fader! thou spencer of ebery precious and deliberate gift, look down on your poor miserable *children*, and bless us with thy sacred and devoted power, *if it be thy will.* O! most holy Fader, we humbly pray for the instigation of thy wrath throughout dis deboted land—bless all who hab turned out to dis praar meetin' and dem dat habn't—*if it be thy will.* May thy mercy and vengeance smile upon our white bredren, who are prayin' and preachin' for us poor sinners, and in reliance upon the precious blood of Jesus Christ—*if it be thy will.* O! bless de poor heden, and larn dem to examine de doctrines of thy Word, which is a sharp two-pointed sword, guin' out of the mouth of dy servants—*if it be thy will.* May de gospel spread like de cholera thro' de earth, spreading vastation and castigation around—*if it be thy will.* We pray thee, O holy Christ, the fader of the 'macculate Virgin Mary, to cleanse us ob our sins, and scrub us with the scrubbin' brush ob corruption, till we are the sanguine dye of thy holy truth, and tho' our sins be as wool, may dey be made white as scarlet with thy most precious lamb, which was killed on mount Sinai for our sallivation—*if it be thy will.* And O! most holy Jesus, send thy spirit upon us this morning, that we may sing thy praise and worship thee with meekness and compunctuation; and when we give up our immortal existence in this immaculate world, wilt thou receive us to thy bosom—*if it be thy will*—when we will gib all de glory and honor and power to our holy medidator and Saviour foreber and eber after—Amen."

During our stay at Columbus, at the earnest solicitations of a Mr. Childers, he was permitted to make his "first appearance on any stage," as *Tony Lumpkin*, which he performed tolerably well for a new beginner. His figure was better fitted for Don Quixotte than the character he chose for his opening, being very lean and bony; but Tony Lumpkin he had studied, and Tony Lumpkin he played. After the performance he made a regular application for a situation in the company. I declined entering into the proposed engagement, and wrote him a long letter, urging him not to persist in his determination to become an actor, and advising him to continue his studies in the law. With great reluctance he followed my advice, became in time an eminent lawyer in Alabama, and died many years afterwards in Mobile, of which city he was once elected Mayor.

Returned to MACON, and performed a very few nights to very small audiences; but remained a couple of weeks, it being considered quite useless to open in Milledgeville so early in the season. Time hanging heavy on my hands, as the saying is, I entered into a little "speculation," just for amusement, which will be spoken of in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

SPECULATION IN WHISKERS.

Conversation in a Broker's Office—Investment of Fifty Dollars in a new article of Merchandise—A good profit realized.

THERE lived in Macon, a dandified individual, whom we will call JENKS. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt bosom was decked with a magnificent breast pin; coat, hat, vest and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and, to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of REAL WHISKERS! Of these whiskers, Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days.

"I will sell *any*thing I've got, if I can make anything on it," replied Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one, "not *any*thing; you wouldn't sell your WHISKERS!"

A loud laugh followed this chance remark. Jenks immediately answered: "I would—but who would *want* them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap," answered Jenks, winking at the gentlemen present.

"What do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wink.

"Well that *is* cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will."

"Both of them?"

"Both of them."

"*I'll take them!* When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least."

I took a bill of sale as follows:

"Received of Sol. Smith *Fifty Dollars* in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn, and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS."

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank X's, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I, "let those laugh that win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend on it."

For a week after this, whenever I met Jenks, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers?

"I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer. "Take good care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given. I ascertained that Jenks was to be one of the managers—he being a great ladies' man, (on account of his whiskers I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning I met Jenks in a barber's shop. He was adonizing before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a devil of a rate.

"Ah! there you are, old fellow," said he, speaking to my reflection through the glass. "Come for your whiskers, I suppose?"

"Oh, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, "Perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you *may* sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers."

"You couldn't wait until to-morrow, could you?" he asked, hesitatingly. "There's a *ball* to-night, you know——"

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear *my* whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations when I suddenly *changed my mind.*

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said; "you needn't shave off those whiskers just yet." So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion.

"This is trifling!" he exclaimed. "You have claimed your whiskers—take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys—"*There goes the man with old Sol.'s whiskers!*" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short I became convinced Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to *take the whiskers* that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it *was* about time to *reap my crop,* and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening, after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed *shaving operation* in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber.

On the appearance of Jenks it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, *one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.*

"Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly, "I'm in no sort of a hurry, myself—and now I think of it, as *your* time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe *I'll not take the other whisker to-night.*"

A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with a single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking *the whole of my property!* But all wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose; *I was not obliged to take all at once;* and I *chose* to take but *half* at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he "behaved himself," perhaps I should *never* call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, "My dear sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me for a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—*must* double my money."

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell even at *that* price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money, and here, barber, shave off this d—d infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

CHAPTER XVI.

A SEASON IN MILLEDGEVILLE.

Mirabeau B. Lamar, Independent Candidate for Congress—The "Orphan of Geneva"—Theatrical Critique—Last appearance of Lem. Smith.

NEAR the end of October we opened the MILLEDGEVILLE THEATRE for the season, hoping great things from the fact that the legislature was soon to meet. My brother Lem. rejoined me here, and the season commenced auspiciously.

During our journeyings the past summer, we were accompanied nearly the whole time by Mirabeau B. Lamar, Esq., who was a candidate for Congress, as I have said, and who received a very large vote, but was not elected, not being on either the Union or State Rights ticket. I have never in my life met a more gentlemanly man. He is a good speaker—rather too vehement in his manner, perhaps; but being well read, and possessing a good face and person, he enchains the attention of his auditors. He was at that time rather dyspeptic, but seemed to enjoy life reasonably. He can appreciate a joke and a good dinner—has Shakspeare at his tongue's end, and can quote him correctly and at pleasure; fences well, and is otherwise highly accomplished. Finally, he is a great lover of the stage. I dedicated my "Apprenticeship" to him,* and on his marriage in 1851,

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* See his letter in reply at the end of this volume.

(nearly twenty years after the events I am noting,) he promised to name his first child after me—but unfortunately it turned out to be a girl, and the idea of naming *her* "Solomon" was given up at once.

During this season we produced the play of "Therese," translated from the French by John Howard Payne, and I must say I have never to this day seen it played so well as by the "Georgia company." My wife personated the part of *Mariette*, and my brother that of *Carwin*. It is not in my province to speak of the talents of my wife and brother, (now no more,) but as they both occupied, while living, a prominent place in the dramatic company of which I was manager, and as many persons in Georgia may yet live who have seen them act, it may not be amiss to insert here a brief extract from a criticism published in one of the newspapers of the day, written (I am permitted to say now, though I did not know it at the time) by Gen. Lamar:

> "Mr. Lem. Smith has the advantage of a fine person, (he beats his brother in that,) a good eye and a flexible voice, not of the greatest compass, but sufficiently strong to be heard distinctly. He succeeds equally alike in comedy or tragedy, and extremely well in both; conceiving his characters properly, and never overstepping the modesty of nature. His powers we think are considerable, and his genius versatile. There is much refinement in his manners when in comedy, and much dignity and force in his appearance in higher characters, such as Tell. We have seen him in a great variety of parts, and find it difficult to decide in which his success is greatest."
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> "One we have yet to name—the star of her profession—it would be censurable not to hold up to the admiration of our readers, as she has often presented herself to her gratified audience. We mean Mrs. Smith. It is far from our intention to enter into any minute analysis of her acting—setting forth her peculiarities:

lauding what is good and apologizing for what is otherwise, but shall speak of her merit in the aggregate, reserving our more detailed and definite criticism for some future number. To say that she is a first-rate actress would be giving her nothing more than her due, but we should probably not be believed, because she had not been brought up at the Park or at Drury Lane. Stars we have seen of the first magnitude who have shone with unrivalled lustre upon both those boards, and can say that they have afforded us no greater pleasure than we have derived from the performances of Mrs. Smith. If it be at all true that the merit of an actress may be justly estimated by the effect which she produces, her claims will be found inferior to few. For we have never yet heard the first person declare himself disappointed or dissatisfied—we have never seen one who did not admit that she always had a just conception of the part she played—that she entered deeply into the spirit and feelings of the character she represented, and that her look, gesture and attitude were always graceful, natural and appropriate; and if these, added to other qualities which she possesses, a melodious voice and eloquent delivery, do not constitute the perfection of the histrionic art, then we are at a loss to know what does. All these excellencies are universally conceded to her. In what character she succeeds best we could never decide for ourselves; she seems to be qualified by her versatility equally for the grave and the gay—'for farce, comedy and tragedy.' We saw her once, on a benefit night, in the 'Soldier's Daughter,' and concluded she appeared best in that part; but when she subsequently appeared in the 'Orphan of Geneva,' we thought no character became her as 'Therese,' and now our present decision is that her greatest efforts have been in 'Elvira.'"

While I am about it, it may be as well to give the General's opinion of *myself*—particularly as I think it is a tolerably correct one in the main. Here it is, segregated from the same article the foregoing extracts are taken from:

"Now then for 'Old Sol.' But before entering upon the trial of this 'head and front' of the battalion, it may be proper to settle a preliminary question upon which his acquittal or condemnation chiefly rests. The heart will sometimes laugh in defiance of the sober decrees of the head; and when this is the case, which is in the right? Who has not had his risibility irresistibly excited by a joke, which his judgment could not sanction? Shall the joke therefore be condemned? 'That is the question.' We answer, no. Now this is exactly 'Old Sol.'s situation. His acting we cannot approve as beng always in good taste, yet he will extort the laugh from us in despite of our disapprobation. Shall we therefore condemn him? We answer, no. Our objection to him as an actor is, that he often lowers comedy to a farce, and brings farce to the borders of buffoonery. The approbation which we have to bestow, is that which we have just admitted; his absolute dominion over our risible propensities. He never fails to accomplish the end and aim of all comic performance, that of exciting involuntary laughter and applause. This however is not his only merit. He possesses a lively fancy and a good fund of original wit, which enable him to introduce many seasonable jokes, acceptable to all, and offensive to none. This practice it is true, is liable to abuse, and stands reprobated by authority no less than Shakspeare, but with all due deference to the bard of Avon, we must still adhere to our infallible rule, to censure nothing and praise all that produces a happy effect; by virtue of which 'Old Sol.' is entitled to our high commendation and a full absolution for all faults, which we do hereby freely award him."

On the 12th December, the tragedy of "Douglass" was performed, it being the LAST APPEARANCE OF MY BROTHER, who personated the character of *Glenalvon*.

THIS brings my narrative up nearly to the close of the year 1832—a year rendered ever memorable to the writer by the untimely death of his beloved brother LEMUEL; that brother who had participated in so many of the scenes heretofore described, and who, in the very prime of his manhood, was called upon, without a moment's warning, to pay that great last debt to Nature, which all who yet live,—*owe!*

It might naturally be expected that an event so deeply engraven upon the heart and memory of a sorrowing brother, should receive from him more than this passing notice; but as that would necessarily tend, by painfully exciting the sympathies of his readers, to destroy the principal object he has in view in writing these pages, viz.: the *amusement* of those who are pleased to accompany him in his wanderings, he passes on to other, and, to his readers, doubtless more agreeable topics.

CHAPTER XVII.

MANAGER BROWN.

Profits of six months business—Purchase of Real Estate—To Alabama again—A year's profits—Close of season and disbandment of company—Palmer and Lyons undertake management—Manager Brown as an actor—Grand entree in a comedy—New business for Capt. Procles—The infernal fiends below.

THE season in Milledgeville was brought to a close on the 23d of December—the legislature adjourning about the same time. The actual profits of the six months preceding this date, are set down in a business memorandum I kept at the time, at $1500, which sum, considering the labor performed, the journeys made, and wear and tear of the constitution, cannot be considered over payment for the services of my wife and myself.

MACON was again tried, on our way to Alabama, where we received for 24 nights' performances, in a cold theatre, $1580, being an average of about $66 per night—and this was considered good business.

Passing on towards Montgomery, our next stopping place was COLUMBUS, where we acted two weeks, to an average nightly receipt of $56, closing on the 9th of February, 1833.

I purchased in Columbus some real estate at a cost of about $2000, which raised on my hands, and was eventually sold for nearly 900 per cent. profit.

On Saturday, 16th February, our standard was raised in Montgomery, Alabama, to a house of $140

The people appeared well pleased at our return. Business continued good here, and several "stars" (so called) shone forth during the season — Mrs. Knight and Mr. Forbes among the rest. My theatrical year ended on the 22d March.

I subjoin a statement of the actual result of this year's "journey-work," in dollars and cents, as it appears in my cash-book of that day:

We must have travelled at least 5000 miles during the year. All traveling expenses were paid by the management.

Total receipts—46 weeks—$20,885. Average per week, $454—per night, counting the actual number of nights played, to wit: 262 nights, $79,70. Profits of the year, about $4000.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons joined me at this time, and the season was prolonged a week, after which the theatre closed, with my benefit, which was very largely attended.

At the conclusion of this season, I resolved to gratify a desire, long entertained, of visiting Cincinnati, the home of my brothers and numerous other relations. The company being disbanded, Messrs. Palmer and Lyons, members of the late organization, proposed to rent the Georgia theatres, and I consented to give them the use of my wardrobe and properties, with the understanding that if they were successful in their speculation, they should have the privilege of purchasing my interest in the circuit at a given price; but if unsuccessful, they should return the properties in the ensuing fall. The result of this attempt of Messrs P. and L. will appear hereafter.

Leaving the new managers to push their fortunes in the south, I made my way, with my family, towards Cincinnati, where we proposed to spend the summer; not, however, until Mrs. S. and myself had performed a short starring engagement in Mobile, under the management of Mr. Purdy Brown. I could relate hundreds of anecdotes relative to manager Brown, but do not feel much disposed that way. A few lines must comprise all I have to say about him.

Mr. Brown's knowledge of theatrical matters was extremely limited; consequently, he was liable to be constantly imposed upon by the actors, who, as a class, are never backward in furthering a joke. Mr. B. appeared on the stage occasionally, and when he did it was generally his wish to enact some important character—some person of rank in the drama—it being very much against the grain to appear *as a supernumerary.* Reading plays not being much in his way, he was in the habit of asking the actors what characters they thought would best suit him, and he was generally advised to study such parts as *Count Luneda* in the "Broken Sword;" *Timoleon* in the "Grecian Daughter;" *Beverly's Uncle*, in the "Gamester," and others of that sort. When, after a diligent search, poor Brown informed his friend, the actor who had advised him, *that no such character could be found in the play*, he was gravely informed that he had been searching in the wrong edition!

Manager B. had an abiding faith in horses—indeed he had good reason for his faith—*they* never deceived him or played practical jokes upon him. Whenever he percieved that a play—be it tragedy, comedy or melo-drama—appeared to "drag;" or to speak more intelligibly, to "hang fire;" or, to make the expression still more easily understood by the general reader, "go off dull,"—he ordered out his whole stud of horses and circus riders, and sent them on "to end the piece." Thus it is said, (I confess I did not see this,) that on the occasion of the performance of the "Soldier's Daughter," he sent on his circus troupe, dressed as Turks or Arabs, who performed a "grand entree" on the stage, driving the Widow Cheerly, Governor Heartall and company down to the footlights, where they were obliged to stand for a mortal half hour and witness the cavalry evolutions, the whole winding up with a grand tableau, illuminated by red fire!

Mr. B., on one occasion, was compelled to assist in the performance of "Damon and Pythias—the company being short in numbers—and finding the character which he chose (*Dyonisius—King* Dyonisius,) too long for his study, which was none of the best, he was prevailed on to take that of *Procles*, which he was told was a sort of *Captain* in the Syracusan service. He proposed to act the part on *horseback;* but Webb, who was the *Damon*, dissuaded him from this, and the worthy manager consented to do it *on foot.* Some wag, to whom he applied for advice as to the manner of *acting* the part, told him that *Procles* was a fierce and spirited warrior, and when he was spoken to by *Damon* in the streets of Syracuse, and branded as a traitor, he should *seize the Senator by the throat.* At the proper time, placing himself at the head of the supernumerary soldiers, "high heaped with arms and plunder," he rushed upon the stage, with his shouting soldiers. When Webb, as *Damon*, came to these words:

> "And thou,
> Who standest foremost of these knaves,
> Stand back and answer me—what have ye done?"

Captain *Procles* looked daggers at him, but restrained himself so far as to wait for his "cue," which receiving at length in these words:

> "Thou most contemptible and meanest tool
> That ever tyrant used,"

he rushed upon *Damon* like a tiger, seizing him by the throat, and holding his neck between his hands as in a vice. Webb struggled and swore—in vain! "Let me loose! you are strangling me!" exclaimed the infuriated *Damon*, in a hoarse whisper, "Of course I am," answered *Procles*—"it is the business of the part!" And it was not until *Pythias* interfered in his behalf, that he could be persuaded to loosen his hold.

On the last night of our engagement I enacted *Scaramouch*, in the pantomime of "Don Juan." In the last scene, the amorous Don is seized by demons and cast into the infernal regions, as the bills have it, through a trap door. At rehearsal, I told the manager that about twelve demons would be required at the wings to seize *Don Juan*, and cast him down the trap. "*And*," (I added in a joke,) "*you must be ready under the stage, at the head of a troupe of devils with pitchforks, to torment him until his numerous sins are burnt and purged away, as Shakspeare says*." As I was leaving the theatre, the manager followed me to the back door, and asked me to repeat some direction I had given relative to the banquet in the pantomine. He afterwards said something which induced me to think he wished to carry on the joke about the demons I had spoken of, to be stationed under the stage.

"How many demons did you say, Mr. Smith?" he asked.

"A dozen will do," I replied, laughing.

"Yes, a dozen *on* the stage, I know, but how many of those *tormenting* fellows underneath?"

"Oh," I answered, "as many as you like; the more the better; and be sure you have plenty of red fire."

"Never fear that," he replied as he turned to go away.

Scaramouch is not a very easy character to perform, particularly when attempted by one like myself, unused to gymnastic feats; so that when I had gone through the dancing, the shipwreck, the riding on a dolphin, the eating of maccaroni, the frights at seeing the ghost on horseback, and other little incidental exercises, and had bid good-bye to my master, the Don, in the graveyard, it may be supposed that I lost no time, "distilled with fear" and perspiration, as I was, in hastening to my dressing-room, with the view of disrobing as quickly as circumstances would permit. I had in part accomplished this, and was busily engaged in rubbing the upper part of my perspiring body with a coarse towel, when the call boy knocked violently at the door, and begged me to step down to the stage, as the manager wished to see me particularly. Throwing a cloak about me, I hastened to the late scene of action, nearly suffocated with the smoke from the red fire, which was ascending in thick volumes, and found on looking down the trap that my friend Brown was there with thirty or forty fiends, all dressed in red flannel, and *armed with pitchforks*, waiting for the descent of *Don Juan!* It seems that in the concluding scene of the pantomine, the performer who enacted the part of *Don Juan*, (Mr. Heyl,) finding a thick column of "sulphurous and tormenting flames," ascending through the trap door, would not consent to be "plunged in," as required by the stage direction; but on the contrary had burst from the supernumerary fiends and escaped to his dressing room. The curtain was lowered, and the piece was considered ended, by all but the worthy manager, who was in the regions below, with his army of fiends, waiting for his victim. It was some time before he could be persuaded to abandon his post, and not until he had declared his determination to discharge the contumacious actor who had refused to take the "fatal plunge."

Mr. Edwin Forrest passed through Mobile while we were there, on his way to New Orleans. Ten years had elapsed since we had parted in Lexington, Ky., he to join Mr. Caldwell at the south—I to commence my managerial career in Cincinnati.

We were succeeded by Mr. James Wallack—*the* Wallack—the very best *Iago* I ever saw—I cannot pay him a higher compliment. I witnessed his performance of *Rolla* and *Dick Dashall*, considered by the public as his best characters. Ah! what an actor he was—and *is!* To see his personation of *Don Cæsar de Basan* is worth a pilgrimage to New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHOLERA IN 1833.

New Orleans—The Gladiator—Cinderella—Journey up the Mississippi—Cholera and the game of brag—The little Frenchman—A Negro lost and won at Faro.

On board the steamer "Ohio," Capt. Haggerty, I embarked with my family at Mobile, on the 11th of May, 1833, bound for Cincinnati, by way of the Gulf of Mexico and Mississippi river. Arrived at New Orleans the next day without accident.

We remained in New Orleans two days and nights, and had the opportunity, which we improved of course, of witnessing the performance of the "Gladiator," (for Forrest's benefit) and "Cinderella," on the first appearance of Madame Brichta. Mr. J. M. Field, a young actor of considerable promise, enacted *Phasarius*, the secondary part in the "Gladiater," and the next night appeared as the *Prince* in "Cinderella."

The production of "Cinderella" at New Orleans formed an era in theatrical annals. Though a hodge-podge, (made up of Rossini's original work of the same name, and *other* productions of that composer, "William Tell" being largely drawn upon,) it was the first attempt at the Grand Opera *in the English language* at the south. All previous attempts had been confined to what is termed the *comic* opera—the "Barber of Seville," (an English adaptation,) "Marriage of Figarro," "Love in a Village," "Devil's Bridge," &c. The cast of "Cinderella," as originally produced in New Orleans this season, was as follows:

Prince,	Mr. Field.
Dandini,	Mr. Caldwell.
Baron Pompolino,	Mr. Thorne.
Alidoro,	Mr. Iforgethisname.
Pedro,	Mr. Russell.
Cinderella,	Miss Jane Placide.
Clorinda,	Mrs. Russell.
Thisbe,	Mrs. Rowe.
Fairy Queen,	Miss Nelson.

Thus cast, and with the advantage of beautiful scenery and appoinments, its success was very great.

This year Mr. Caldwell sold out his managerial interests to Messrs. Russell and Rowe, and turned his attention exclusively to his gas speculation.

While in New Orleans I found out my quondam friend N. M. Ludlow, who was keeping a clothing store, and doing tolerably well. This was a new "line of business" to him, and he soon dropped it.

On the 16th, we re-embarked on the "Ohio," and off we steered for Cincinnati. It is not my purpose to attempt a description of the scenes witnessed on this boat—the CHOLERA raging! Nevertheless I will briefly notice a few incidents. After supper, the second day out, I counted *eight card tables*, surrounded by persons playing the game of "brag!" At the same time persons were scattered around the floor, and in the state-rooms, groaning, complaining, beseeching for assistance—*dying* with the cholera! In one instance I saw a man fall from his chair in a fit, clenching his cards in his hands, and die in a few minutes! Another fell back on the floor from the card table, was taken up senseless, and carried to his state-room, where he lingered until the next day, and then died, having in the interim made his will, disposing of a very large property in Virginia. This last one I became slightly acquainted with, and rendered him all the assistance I could. Just before he died we put him into a warm bath, which seemed to relieve him very much. When we laid him on his mattrass, he looked up in my face and asked—

"What is your real opinion, Mr. Smith? Will I get over this?"

I answered, "upon my word, I think you will—you are evidently much better." This was my most candid opinion.

"I am glad—I am glad to hear you say so," he responded faintly, looking up into my face with a smile; and with that smile on his face he almost instantly ceased breathing!

In nearly every voyage I make—especially if there be sickness among the passengers—I get the name of *Doctor*, probably from the fact that I am always willing to lend a hand to assist the sick. It was so in this case. Capt. Haggerty, the clerk, and myself, seemed to be the only persons on board who knew anything about the medicine chest, and the *quantities* proper for a dose of the various articles therein contained. A little Frenchman, as healthy a man as there was on board of the boat, took it into his head that *he* was attacked by cholera, and sent for me to attend to his case.

"Oh, Docteur—Monsieur Docteur!" he exclaimed, "I am vaire sick—much malade! My stomach vaire much ache! Do sometings for me, Docteur, do sometings very much quick, for I sal die—oh!"

I found his pulse regular, and became convinced he was in excellent health. I told him so, and for a time he appeared reassured; but presently he sent for me again, and begged me in the most piteous tones to do "sometings" for him. Satisfied that nothing ailed the man but *fright*, I went to the medicine chest and made him up a pill of gum arabic, which I requested him to swallow, assuring him that he would soon be better. For about two hours this seemed to quiet my little Frenchman, and I was at liberty to attend to other cases. When next called to Monsieur, he said he felt a little better, but "weak from the operation of de medicin."

"The pill has operated, then?" I remarked.

"Oui, oui—operate very much—*make me sleep*—ah ha! Un opiate, ha?"

I let him think it was an opiate, and telling him to keep quiet during the night, left him. The following morning my patient seemed much better, and partook of a hearty breakfast and a large portion of a bottle of claret. Card playing continued during the day, and Monsieur took a hand, losing considerable money. He retired early, and I was in hopes he had entirely recovered *from his fright*, and that I should not be called on to attend him any more; but I was mistaken. He was not at supper, and hearing a groaning in his state-room as I passed, I opened the door and looked in. There lay my little Frenchman, writhing with pain, and evidently experiencing the effects of the "premonitory symptoms," pretty strongly.

"Ah, Monsieur Docteur," he said, as he saw me coming in—"I am vaire glad you come—I have got him *now* certianement—you must give me some lectle peel encore—I sal die if you don't give me sometings vaire quick!"

Poor fellow! he *had* the dreaded disease beyond a doubt—the symptoms were unmistakable. Feeling his pulse, and saying a few encouraging words, I left him to make up a dose a little more efficient than *gum arabic*—for I was convinced he had frightened himself into the cholera. While preparing the medicine, a crash was heard that seemed to shake the boat to its very centre! At first all supposed an explosion had taken place. Confusion reigned for a few minutes, the passengers rushing hither and thither in "wild disorder." My first care, of course, was for my wife and children—the latter being at the time eating their supper at the second table. The crash was caused by the breaking of the *fly wheel*, the fragments of which were thrown with great force through the cabin floor and hurricane roof, scattering the dishes on the supper table, as well as pieces of the table itself in every direction. It providentially happened that no one was hurt. My boys I found seated on the brink of the chasm where the table had been. The oldest boy, then five years of age, was holding an empty saucer in his hand; and when he saw me he exclaimed—"Pa, look here—they've spilt all my coffee!"

But to return to my patient, I found him busily engaged dressing himself.

"By gar, Monsieur Docteur," said he—"I sal not stay on dis boat any longer; such dam crashing I never sal hear again no more nevaire; did you hear him ? It was like heaven and earth shall be coming togedder !"

"It was a tremendous crash," I replied. "The fly weeel is broken—cannot be mended short of Pittsburgh—the passengers are most of them preparing to leave."

"Leave ! leave ! I believe you, Monsieur Docteur," he said, as he proceeded with his toilet ; "I sal no stay one moment, by gar ; I sal be off in de first boat, ha ! I sal not stay in dis d—n cholera boat any more at all."

A boat bound up the river was by this time alongside, and nearly all were making their arrangements to go on her.

"How do you feel now, monsieur ?" I at length inquired, when he had finished dressing. "Here is the medicine I have prepared for you, will you take it ?"

"Take le medicin !" he answered—"no, by gar, I want no medicin—I am well—*tres bien*—never sal be better in my life."

"What, not got the cholera ?" I enquired.

"No, by damn—dat confounded crash knock de cholera out of me, *tout de suite !*"

And so it had, fright had brought it on, and fright had sent it off. I met him afterwards in Cincinnati. He shook me warmly by the hand, and thanked me for my doctorly care ; but declared that if it had not been for that "grand crash," he should have been a dead man to a certainty—and I firmly believe he was right in his opinion.

It was during this trip, and before the "crash" that I witnessed a game of faro, in which a negro man named Fred was staked and played for. A negro trader, having lost all his ready money, offered to stake his servant on the game. The dealer agreed to this, and Fred was ordered by his master to mount the table and stand upon the ace. During the game he was "split" twice — got "out of split," — being ordered to move about on the various cards to suit his master's views—and at last was lost on the corner of the deuce! The dealer very quietly told Fred to step down on *his* side of the table, and the negro was thus transferred to a new owner!

It was soon ascertained that the damages sustained by the boat could not be repaired without going to Pittsburgh, and during the night all the cabin passengers except a Mrs. Miller, her sister, and our family, took their departure on various boats. Next morning Capt. Haggerty announced to his few remaining passengers that in a day or two he thought the boat could proceed *with one wheel.* We concluded to abide by the fortunes of the vessel; and I believe it was well for us that we did, for the cholera entirely disappeared with the crowd of passengers, and all on board enjoyed good health the remainder of the journey, arriving at LOUISVILLE on the 30th of May.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FLOATING THEATRE.

Cincinnati—The Chapman Family—Fishing for "Cat!"—Cholera.

ARRIVED at CINCINNATI on the first day of June, just three weeks out from Mobile, and met a most cordial reception from our numerous (almost innumerable) relatives and friends.

The great pleasure derived from meeting with my relations and friends at Cincinnati, on this occasion, and *always*, may be mentioned; but it is not a subject to interest the general reader—so I pass on, in my skimming way, to theatrical matters.

The Columbia Street Theatre was open under the management of Messrs. Cabell, Forrest and Muzzy. A Mr. Judah was playing as a "star." Went to see him enact *Richard III.* Have seen better *Richards*—and worse. Witnessed Fletcher's representation of *Ancient Statuary.* Very good. Mr. Fletcher at this time (1853) keeps the "Portland House," at Shrewsbury, New Jersey, where, with a portion of my family, I sojourned last summer for a time. Also witnessed the extraordinary acting of Monsieur (!) Gouffe, the "Man Monkey," for the first time.

One of the most comic pieces of acting ever witnessed by me was Mr. Wm. S. Forrest's personation of *Alonzo*, in the "Revenge," at this theatre.

The "Chapman Family," consisting of old Mr. Chapman, William Chapman, George Chapman, Caroline Chapman, and Harry and Therese Chapman, (children) came to the west this summer, opened a theatre at Louisville, and afterwards established and carried into operation that singular affair, the "Floating Theatre," concerning which so many anecdotes are told. The "family" were all extremely fond of fishing, and during the "waits" the actors amused themselves by "dropping a line" over the stern of the Ark. On one occasion, while playing the "Stranger," (Act IV., Scene 1,) there was a long stage wait for *Francis*, the servant of the misanthropic *Count Walbourgh.*

"Francis! Francis!" called the Stranger.

No reply.

"Francis! Francis!" (A pause) "Francis!" rather angrily called the Stranger again.

A very distant voice—"Coming, sir!" (A considerable pause, during which the stranger walks up and down, a la Macready, in a great rage.)

"Francis!"

Francis, (entering)—Here I am, sir.

Stranger.—Why did you not come when I called?

Francis.—Why, sir, I was just hauling in one of the d—dest big cat fish you ever saw!

It was some minutes before the laughter of the audience could be restrained sufficiently to allow the play to proceed.

It is said of this Floating Theatre that it was cast loose during a performance at one of the river towns in Indiana, by some mischievous boys, and could not be landed for half a dozen miles, the large audience being compelled to walk back to their village.

The season at the theatre in Third street, under the management of Messrs. Russell and Rowe, successors of Mr. Caldwell, commenced on the 15th June. The company consisted of Messrs. Scott, Field, Russell, Judah, Page, Hernizen, Charnock, Lyne, Powell, Gilbert, Thorne; Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Ludlow, Mrs. Salzman, Miss Petrie.

Mr. Edwin Forrest commenced an engagement on the 17th June.

The Ravel family appeared during this season, and the opera of "Cinderella" was produced — Mrs. Knight playing the part of Cinderella. Mr. Page performed Dandini; and the cast was otherwise as in New Orleans.

CHOLERA broke out in Cincinnati, and raged violently. It did not pass over *our* humble home without taking its victims. When we recommenced our wanderings, two only daughters were missing from the family group; two boys remained, (Lemuel and Marcus,) and they are living at this day—each a happy husband and father; and there are five more boys, fast growing up into manhood, who look to me for protection and fatherly care.

Of Messrs. Russell and Rowe's company Mr. Charnock and Mr. Page fell victims to the epidemic. Mr. Page died singing the music of the opera in which he last appeared!

CHAPTER XX.

COMMENCEMENT OF A LONG JOURNEY.

Organization of a Strolling Company—Traveling through Kentucky—"All the World's a Stage"—Funds getting low—A timely loan.

RECEIVING no remittance or intelligence from Messrs. Palmer and Lyons, my successors in Georgia, about the 1st of August I deemed it prudent to commence preparations for resuming my managerial sway in the southern regions. The cholera continuing its ravages, there was no difficulty in enlisting a few recruits, for the winter season in Georgia and Alabama, with the understanding that for their services, while traveling, and until the commencement of the fall season in Georgia, their traveling and other expenses should be paid by me. I purchased two wagons and teams, a set of scenery, and a small lot of wardrobe; engaged a small party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Delmon, (late Miss Charlotte Crampton,) Mr. Coney, Mr. Lyne, Mr. Gamble, and one or two others; and on the 12th of August, 1833, leaving the cholera behind us, as we hoped, we started for Georgia, through Kentucky, via the Cumberland Gap.

Our first stopping place (for business) was PARIS. It was plainly to be perceived that although no cholera actually existed there, the *fear* of it kept people from assembling together in large numbers. Our receipts were next to nothing; and I soon found that paying the boarding and traveling expenses of the company was a bad speculation; and, worst of all, I had provided myself with only three hundred dollars for the journey, supposing that we should certainly be able to "play our way" triumphantly into Georgia.

Our next town was RICHMOND, which was reached by traveling through a most romantic country, crossing the Kentucky river at a point where it was necessary to unload our wagons and "tote" the trunks up a hill at least half a mile, the horses being barely able to haul the empty vehicles.

At Richmond the receipts were rather better than at Paris, but nevertheless very small; and the authorities of the place charged rather a heavy tax on our performances, which did not set us forward any. Here began dissensions between Mr. Delmon* and his wife, which ended in the departure of the former for Cincinnati.

With my fund considerably diminished, we took our departure from Richmond on Sunday, the 1st of September, and on Tuesday passed through the town of London, (containing five houses and a half,) arriving at BARBOURSVILLE, at the foot of the Cumberland mountains, on Wednesday. Here we were persuaded to give a concert, and the Barboursvillians turned out to the number of twenty-two, at 25 cents each, (all they would pay for *any* "show," they said,) giving us a sum total of $5 50—about half the amount of our tavern bill.

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* The real name of this young man was Delmon Grace; but he dropped the Grace when he adopted the stage as a profession.

After paying toll next day at a gate on our way through the mountains, my "ready money" had become reduced to the inconsiderable sum of eight dollars and fifty cents! Rather a discouraging situation we were in, the reader will probably think—and we were.

On the 6th we passed over and through what is called the "Cumberland Gap," and arrived at TAZEWELL. The encouragement here for a concert was very small indeed—and a theatrical performance was out of the question, there being no room large enough. Our announcement of an entertainment, consisting of songs, recitations, &c., brought forth a demand by some public functionary of *fifty dollars* for license! After considerable search, I found an old statute which exempted theatres and concerts from the operation of this license law, and we were permitted to proceed with our concert *un*licensed.

Our performance was given in the dining room of the hotel where we stopped. The auditory, about twenty in number, were seated on chairs in the room, while we, the performers, sung and spoke on a sort of landing-place or gallery, about six feet long, and two and a half feet wide. From this landing-place, which was four feet higher than the floor of the room, three doors opened, one communicating with our retiring room, one to a sitting room, and the other to the stairway which led to the rooms above; besides there were steps leading down from each end of the platform into the dining room. Persons were passing from one room to the other continually, and the performer was obliged to *move* whenever any one passed.

Mr. Lyne, our heavy tragedian, (afterwards a celebrated Mormon preacher,) undertook, as his share of the entertainment, to give Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," from the comedy of "As You Like It." I here attempt to give a portion of the recitation, as spoken on this occasion, with the "side speeches" or interpolations of the reciter, caused by the frequent interruptions he was subjected to:

All the world's a stage,

[*Sir, (to the landlord, a fat man, who entered at the moment, shoving the actor against the wall,) I'll thank you not to crowd me so—our stage is very small.*]

And all the men and women merely players.

[*Don't—don't crowd me off!*]

They have their exits and their entrances,

[*Indeed, sir, if you keep going in and out in this way, I cannot go on with my speech.*]

And one man in his time plays many parts,

[*Now, sir, if you'll shut that door, I'll be obliged to you. "Certainly, sir, go on."*]

His acts being seven ages.

[*Thank you, sir. Now, pray, sit down.*]

At first the infant,

Muling and puking in its nurse's arms;

[*If you can't stop that child's crying, madam, I respectfully recommend that you retire with it into another room, and furnish it with some refreshment suited to its tender years.*]

And then the whining school boy, with satchel on arm,

[*You needn't snuff these candles just now, boy.*]

And shining morning face, creeping like a snail,

[*I shall never get through if you keep jambing me in this way.*]

Unwillingly to school.

[*Waiter, bring me a julep.*]

And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad,

[*I think the singing takes better than recitations.*]

Made to his mistress' eyebrows.

[*It's devilish hot.*]

Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths,

[*I shall swear, presently, if that child is not taken out,*]

And bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,—

[*Set down the julep—I'll pay you when the performance is over.*]

Seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth.

[*Sucks julep through a straw—pronounces it very good.*]

And then the Justice, &c., &c. &c.

Next morning, after settling our tavern bill, I had not enough money left to pay for our breakfast, which was to be partaken of about ten miles ahead. Our *avant courier*, nevertheless, was directed to order the usual morning meal, and on went the vehicle, containing the majority of the party, while I remained behind a little, in order to "raise the wind," if possible, to pay for the expected repast. As my wagon was brought to the door, I asked the landlord if there was such a personage in the town as a pawnbroker? He did not understand me. "A money lender," I explained—"one who lends money on pledges."

"Well, yes—I reckon there is; our postmaster, Mr. ———, sometimes lends money in that way."

I soon found Mr. Postmaster, and opened the negociation. Offering him a gold chain which cost $40, I asked a loan of $20 on it for one month. He looked at the chain, weighed it in his hand—and declined.

After considerable haggling, the worthy postmaster offered, out of pure *friendship*, (as he said,) to let me have $15, if I would return him $20 in a month, and leave my gold watch, worth $200, as security. *I* declined this time, and we parted.

Desperately I whipped up the horses, urging them on towards our breakfast place, *my appetite entirely gone;* but fully believing that I should come across some one who would furnish me with the required loan. I felt very certain of this, and told my wife so; and sure enough—just before reaching the dreaded haven, we overtook a Mr. Burns, with a drove of horses, a person we had frequetly passed, and been passed by, during the journey. "That's my man," said I, as we neared him.

"Good morning, Mr. Burns."

"Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"Where do you breakfast this morning?"

"At this place just ahead."

"So do I. Can I speak to you one moment?"

"Certainly." And in less than three minutes my immediate wants were supplied by the transfer of a twenty dollar bill from his pocket book to mine. It turned out that although our personal acquaintance was slight, merely from casual meetings as we progressed in our journey, he knew me very well, and was perfectly satisfied with my responsibility. Indeed he wished me to take a hundred or two; but I positively declined, feeling great confidence that at the WARM SPRINGS, which we were now nearing, we should retrieve our fortunes, and be in funds again. My appetite returning, we all made a hearty breakfast, and pursued our journey with renewed vigor and spirits.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALMOST A DUEL.

Bean's Station—A Concert in the Dark—The Warm Springs—Stage Coach Adventures—Preacher *Smith*—The belligerent Southerner—A challenge—Weapons objected to—The Preacher yields, and there is no duel—Reflections, twenty years after.

CROSSING Clinch Mountain, from which there is the most magnificent view I ever looked upon, and partaking of some water from a strongly impregnated chalybeate spring at its base, we reached BEAN'S STATION, in East Tennessee, on the evening of the 7th of September, and "put up" for the night. It soon became noised about that we were "show folk," and a very strong request was made by the citizens of the little settlement that we should give a performance in the parlor of the hotel or tavern. We acceded to the request after considerable persuasion, and quite a number of persons, male and female, collected about the house just before dark.

Remembering the difficulty I had experienced on a similar occasion many years previously, as related in my "Apprenticeship," when we were obliged to use potatoes for candlesticks, I made inquiry of our landlord as to the manner of *lighting the room* for the intended performance. The reader will scarcely credit me when I say that *neither a candle or lamp* could be procured in the neighborhood! Of course we expected this would end all idea of the proposed performance; but we were mistaken, the villagers insisted on the fulfillment of our promise to "give them a show," and at last, as a bit of fun, I told them that we would perform, if they would be satisfied that we should do so *in the dark*. The crowd agreed to this *nem. con.*, and I here record the fact that we gave an entertainment, consisting of songs, duetts, recitations and instrumental music, in TOTAL DARKNESS! The performance appeared to take well with the audience, the applause being liberally showered upon us. At the close I dismissed my "patrons" with the assurance that we charged nothing for our services on that occasion, which seemed to please them more than even the "entertainment" which had drawn them together, three tremendous cheers being voluntarily given for the "show folk," as the delighted Bean Stationers groped their way to the door, and the tired travelers felt their ways to their several dormitories. Next morning we found that our hotel expenses had been settled by some of the leading gentlemen of the village, who had been instrumental in getting up the entertainment, and we wended our way toward the North Carolina Warm Springs.

GREENVILLE (East Tennessee) was our next town, and here we fitted up a carpenter's shop in good style for a theatre, and opened with every prospect of success. In another place I have related the result of our three nights' season. The "Tennessee Door-keeper," who considered his whole duty performed when he strictly guarded the *door*, leaving the *windows* wide open for the free ingress of the Greenvillians, (just returned from camp meeting,) will be remembered by those who honored my "Anecdotical Recollections" with a perusal.

On the 11th of September, we reached the WARM SPRINGS, Buncombe county, N. C. This is a beautiful place, situated in a lovely valley, surrounded by hills—mountains, I might say. The river French Bread runs in front of the premises. The principal building, which is very spacious, is surrounded by beautiful white cottages for the accommodation of visitors. The Warm Spring is a great curiosity. The dining room of the hotel is capacitated for the accommodation of 800 diners! We found we were TOO LATE in arriving here, (just my luck!) nearly all the company having left the week previously. No matter—we determined to try our fortune with the few pleasure-seekers who remained, and were favored with the attendance at our first entertainment, of an audience composed of *every person at the Springs*, including a numerous body of black servants, belonging to the place, who occupied the "upper end of the hall," being admitted on the "free list."

Finding that our heavy tragedian and other "principal actors" could be of no use whatever in the concert line, I dispatched them, in the stage, to Greenville, S. C., and gave the next and last entertainment with the assistance of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Delmon only. This was attended by *all* the visitors again—our total receipts the two nights amounting to twenty-two dollars and seventy-five one-hundredths.

I here sold one of my teams, pledged my $200 watch to Col. Patton, our landlord, for $50, (never have had an opportunity to redeem it,) paid our bill, returned the borrowed money to my friend Burns, the drover, and secured seats for Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Delmon, my two little boys and myself for Greenville,

S. C., where we were told, a splendid business might be calculated on.

On getting into the stage coach, I was greatly surprised to observe two *men* on the back seat, naturally supposing the two ladies and children would have been permitted to occupy that place; but my surprise was still greater when, being remonstrated with by the agent, they *claimed* the seat and expressed their determination to keep it. In all my travels, before or since, I have never met with a case like this, all *gentlemen* I have traveled with having ever been ready to yield the back seat of a stage coach to ladies. Not wishing to delay the coach, I requested the ladies and children to take the *front* seat, and boiling over with passion, I ascended to the box, where I took a seat with the driver. At our breakfast place, one of the occupants of the back seat came to me, and offered to resign his place to my wife, a sense of shame having overcome him on the way. The other person, who persisted in his claim, was a Mr. SMITH, (it was such a singular name I shall never forget it!) a *preacher* from Charleston. While breakfast was getting ready, I went to the reverend gentlemen and told him that *he must not think of riding inside the coach any further*; that *I* had taken my turn outside, and I wished him to experience the pleasant sensation of riding in the rain for a dozen miles or so, as I had done. He turned very pale, but said nothing. Shortly after he took his co-occupant of the back seat aside, and after some conversation between them, the latter came to me and said that if I persisted in my demand that Parson Smith should ride outside in the rain, he should espouse his cause, and see that no harm came to him—in short, that he would not permit the preacher, that individual being a non-combatant, to be treated with violence. I observed that in Georgia I had *heard* of a man who amassed a considerable fortune by *minding his own business*, and gently hinted that perhaps *he* might profit by confining his attention to his own affairs. This rather nettled Mr. Bobadil, (I purposely suppress his real name,) and he cut short *our* conversation by notifying me that if I offered to prevent the preacher's entrance into the coach, he should consider it a personal insult and challenge me to mortal combat.

"Challenge me, will you?" said I. "I will not accept your challenge; I am bound by my oath, as an attorney-at-law, not to challenge to fight, fight, or accept a challenge to fight a duel with deadly weapons. I shall abide by my oath."

"You can resign your office of attorney-at-law, and can then accept my challenge," replied Mr. B.

"But I don't *want* to resign," persisted I, "I don't *want* to be at liberty to accept a challenge; I don't believe in fighting duels; in short—"

At this juncture breakfast was announced, and we all made a good meal before resuming the subject. Breakfast over, I conducted the ladies and placed them in the back seat, after which I went to the clergyman and told him that if he went any further by that conveyance, he must ride with the driver. Mr. Bobadil came up and asked in a formal way if I intended to persist in my determination to make the clergyman ride on the outside. My answer was in the affirmative.

"Then, sir," said he, "I challenge you to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman."

I answered—"Sir, I have no cause of quarrel with *you*—*you* have resigned your seat to the ladies, as any gentleman ought. I know the custom of this country will not permit me to decline your challenge; so with great sorrow I ACCEPT IT."

"It is well," replied my opponent. "I have a pair of pistols, and we can settle this affair in five minutes."

"Hold, sir," I interposed. "I have already told you I am principled against duelling—also that I have taken an oath not to fight with deadly weapons. You have challenged me—I have accepted your challenge. If I am rightly informed in regard to your rules in matters of this kind, I, the challenged party, have a right to select the time, the place, and the weapons; am I right?"

"Undoubtedly," he answered.

"I avail myself of my right, then," I continued: "The *time* shall be NOW—the place HERE, and the weapons—FISTS."

A general laugh followed this announcement—a considerable crowd having collected by this time, to witness the expected duel.

"Sir," said Bobadil, "the *time* I agree to—the *place* I make no objections to—the *weapons* I reject."

"On what grounds, pray?" inquired I.

"On the ground that they are not *gentlemanly* weapons," he replied.

"But I insist," said I, "that they *are* gentlemanly weapons."

"How do you make that out?" asked he.

"Thus," I replied: "You challenge me; by which act, according to your rules, you acknowledge me to be a gentleman. They are *my* weapons—*ergo*, they are the weapons of a gentleman, or in other words, gentlemanly weapons."

Several of the crowd here began to take part with me, exclaiming—"Good—well argued—go it, lawyer!"

"I object to your weapons," persisted my opponent, "on the ground that they are *unusual*, and finally that, not being a pugilist myself, the chances would be greatly in your favor."

"Just the reason that I named them," I replied. "If I fight in the way proposed, I *expect* to conquer; whereas, if I should fight with your confounded pistols, it is ten to one I would get a bullet in my thorax, which would be vastly inconvenient, I assure you, particularly at this time, when I am under a pledge to the good citizens of Greenville to appear before them day after day to-morrow night."

The laugh being entirely against Bobadil, he took new ground—he said if I persisted in a "fist fight," he should avail himself of his right to postpone the battle, and procure a "champion" in three days.

"I refuse to fight any champion—it must be either yourself or the preacher," said I.

Finding that not much was to be made out of me in the talking line, Mr. Bobadil proceeded to the coach, where, taking out and cocking a pistol, he said to the preacher—

"Go into the coach—I am here to protect you."

The reverend gentleman hesitated.

"Don't attempt to go into the coach," said I, coming up to the other side of the door—"I am here to prevent you."

The parson hesitated just a moment, and then—*mounted the box and took his seat with the driver.*

This ended all the difficulty. The fighting gentleman became as friendly as a "sucking dove," and long before our journey was over, even the clergyman joined us in laughing over the adventure, and acknowledged his regret at having claimed the back seat, and of being the cause of any words between the South Carolinian and myself.

This little scene took place twenty years ago. At the time, and long afterwards, I thought I was in the *right* during the whole of that altercation. I record it to say *I was in the wrong*—decidedly. My conduct towards the preacher was almost brutal, and I acknowledge it thus publicly, in hope, if these sheets should meet his eye, that with the same Christian spirit which impelled him to ascend to the top of the coach to endure a dripping rain, for the sake of peace, he will forgive me the harsh words I was guilty of uttering on that occasion. On my part, with the utmost sincerity, I forgive him for his great impoliteness in taking the back seat in the coach to the exclusion of ladies and children, and feel certain he will never sin in that way again. And while I am about it I may as well accord him *my* forgiveness for a furious attack he afterwards made from the pulpit, in Charleston, upon theatres and the theatrical profession. Amen.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Concert at Ashville—Arrival at Greenville—First appearance in South Carolina—Amateur Actors—Queer Roman Costumes—Great success of the Amateurs—Dying kick of Cassius.

BEYOND all comparison, the road from the Warm Springs to Ashville, is the most romantic I ever traveled; that is for a road that *is* a road. Projecting rocks, some of them 200 feet high, crowd the traveler almost *into* the French Broad river, nearly the whole 37 miles. The river itself is something of a curiosity, being almost continuous rapids the whole way.

ASHVILLE is a very small village, and is the county seat of the great county of Buncombe, which Congressmen speak to so often.

On the urgent request of many persons, we gave a concert here—couldn't give a "performance," in consequence of our baggage wagon not having arrived—we had passed it on the way—and received from the generous villagers and fashionable strangers assembled there, the sum of six dollars and seventy-five cents!

On Tuesday, 17th September, we arrived at the beautiful village of GREENVILLE, and on Wednesday, having completed the necessary alterations in the masonic lodge room, we opened it *as a theatre*, making our first appearance before a South Carolina audience, in the comedy of the "Honey Moon," (somewhat cut down,) and the afterpiece of "Family Jars." The four nights of that week yielded us a receipt of about $150.

We performed two more nights in the following week. My quondam friend, Bobadil, (as I have called him,) and another gentleman, came to me on Tuesday morning, and expressed a wish to *make their appearance on the stage* in a tragedy! It was of course out of the question to get up a tragedy for their accommodation; but it struck me that the appearance of "two gentlemen of South Carolina, their first attempt on any stage," (or in any lodge room,) would be of considerable benefit to my exchequer; so I told them they might, if they thought proper, enact the celebrated quarrel scene of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, in Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar." This just suited them, as they were both familiar with the text, having at various times taken part in it at school. They went at it, hammer and tongs, rehearsing, while I sent out the performers of our troupe to make the fact known *confidentially*, to as many people as they could find, that Messrs. B. and G. were to appear that night. The house was crowded.

Perhaps the reader is not aware what tricks amateur actors are subjected to when they aspire (or *condescend*, as they consider it) to perform with regular actors. Some slight idea may be formed by the manner in which these gentlemen were treated on this occasion—all the actors lending a hand, of course, to assist in putting them through.

First, the *dressing*. (They had requested to be so completely *disguised* that no one could know them.) *Cassius* (Bobadil) wore a gray tunic, a large spangled shoulder cloak, slouched *hat and feathers*; stock, gray wig with a very long tail, black whiskers, (painted with cork,) mustachios turned up, large eyebrows, nankin pantaloons, boots, *spurs!* gauntlets, broadsword and truncheon. *Brutus*, his companion in arms, (Mr. G.,) was rigged out with a soldier's coat, Scotch kelt, large modern military hat, with enormous red and white feather, leopard-skin cloak, as worn by *Rolla*, blue military pantaloons, considerably too short, pumps and spurs, (couldn't do without the spurs,) red wig, black whiskers, mustachios turned down, (as a contrast,) a Turkish scimitar, two pistols in his belt, gauntlets, very high standing shirt collar, white cravat, tied with an enormous bow, and ruffled shirt, displayed to the best advantage. Thus accoutred, they appeared before the audience, with a success unprecedented in *that* town, I'll venture to say, and probably not exceeded anywhere. *Cassius* ranted and stamped like mad, keeping his back to the audience, and crowding the "gentle Brutus" into a corner, where that personage quietly "took the word" from the prompter, and kept a bold front to the public until the dialogue was concluded. The applause and laughter of the audience shook the masonic hall to its foundations. The *gentlemen* actors were in high glee at their success, and Bobadil asked me if there would be anything improper in volunteering a *comic song*. Consenting at once to this addition to the fun of the evening, I rang up the curtain, and *Cassius* gave a very passable song, entitled the "King and the Countryman." This pleased the excited public so well that they called for a song from the *other* gentleman. Mr. G. had begun to discover the joke, and was in the act of disrobing when this call was made, and nothing should induce him, he said, to make a fool of himself a moment longer—"besides," he added, "I never sung a song in my life." *Cassius* was somewhat enraged at his comrade's refusal to gratify the audience, and proposed, as the noise was kept up, that since *Brutus* would not sing, they should *act the quarrel scene over again;* but *Brutus* positively refusing, the fiery Cassius turned to me and offered to dance a hornpipe, if *that* would be satisfactory to our patrons. Putting on a grave face, I said—

"It is very plain to *my* comprehension, that the audience do not want singing or dancing—what they want is a little more *tragedy.*"

"Do you think so?" said *Cassius.* "Well, what can we give them?"

"I know of nothing you can give them," replied I, "better, or more appropriate, or more likely to be acceptable, than the *death scene of Cassius* on the plains of Philippi."

"Hah! the very thing!" agreed the excited amateur, "but I havn't studied it. What are the words?"

I put a volume of Shakspeare into his hands, pointing to the page, called our low comedian, Mr. Coney, (dressed for *Diggory,*) and told him he must perform the part of *Pindarus,* Cassius' freed man, which he very willingly undertook to do, "under the circumstances, at very short notice," and Cassius having, as he thought, mastered the few lines of the scene to be enacted, the curtain was again rung up.

Cassius had by some accident, (or more likely by some contrivance of one of the actors,) changed hats with *Brutus*, and he now appeared with the large military cocked hat which had sat so gracefully on the brow of the "noblest Roman of them all."

The scene which followed was ludicrous in the extreme.

Cassius.—Come hither, sirrah!
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,
And then I swore—I swore—
[*D—d if I can remember any more.*]
Prompter.—I swore—
Cassius.—[*I've said that.*]
Prompter.—And then I swore thee, &c.
Cassius.—[*Yes, I remember.*] I swore thee, saving of thy life—
Prompter.—That whatsoever I'd bid thee do—
Cassius.—That whatsoever I'd bid thee do—
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now keep thine oath.
Prompter.—(*Cassius* repeating after him.)
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword.
C. [*Where is it? Oh, here on the wrong side.*]
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Here, take thou the hilts.
[*Coney takes sword and an attitude.*]
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now.
[*How am I to cover my face? This surtout won't reach.*]
Manager.—[*Pull your hat over your eyes.*]
Cassius.—[*Oh, very well; pulls the hat over his eyes and down to his nose.*] Guide thou the sword.
[*Coney stabs him several times, which Cassius not observing, being blindfolded, continues to stand with his arms extended, trying to run on the sword.*]
Manager.—(From the wing)—Fall!
[*Cassius falls with all his weight, half his body off the stage, still blindfolded.*]
Manager.—Now for the dying words.
Cassius.—[*What are they?*]

Prompter **—Cæsar, thou art revenged, &c.**

Cassius. **—Cæsar, thou art revenged even with the sword that killed thee.**

Manager. **—Now for the dying struggle.**

Cassius. **—[Gives several dying kicks—the curtain falls.]**

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MISSES AND MADAMS OF THE STAGE.

Pendleton—Distinguished Men—Grace over mush—A marriage in the company—Misses and Mistresses—Branches of the Georgia Company. Letter from Mr. Dyke—Death of Palmer in Missouri, and Lyons at sea.

OUR next town was PENDLETON, the very centre of the state, and then the hot-bed of Nullification. After considerable difficulty, the Farmers' Hall was procured for our performances, and the Pendletonians were treated to the first representation of a play and afterpiece in their town, *on a brick floor*.

On the first day of our stay in this place, I had an opportunity of seeing four plain-looking gentlemen in consultation on some county or district business at one end of the Farmers' Hall, while we were putting up scenery at the other. These farmer-looking gentlemen were COL. HUGER, JOHN C. CALHOUN, GOV. HAMILTON and MR. PINCKNEY. It is very seldom one sees four such distinguished men *together* any where.

We acted about a week in Pendleton, during the races, to very moderate houses, paying $5 per night to the town treasurer for the privilege, and then pulled up stakes, determined to get out of the state as soon as possible.

Monday, October 7th, passed through Anderson village, the seat of justice for the district, where we were urged to perform a few nights. No!—positively no more acting by us in South Carolina, where they tax us about two-thirds of our receipts. Tuesday night, stayed at a Mrs. Liddell's, where we had mush and milk for supper, "by particular desire!" When we seated ourselves at the table, the landlady raised her hands towards the ceiling and pronounced the following words, instead of asking a blessing:

"Come all ye mush-eaters of the best,
Aloft your spoon shanks raise,
And in the voice of melody,
Sing forth the mush-pot's praise."

Supposing it might be a custom of the country, we sang the lines to the tune of *Mear*, and then fell to.

Next morning after paying a swingeing bill, (for poetry, mush and lodging,) we proceeded on to ABBEVILLE COURT HOUSE, where we had the satisfaction of paying no tax for playing, for the simple reason that we did not play, though strongly urged to do so. Thursday morning we crossed the Savannah river, on each side of which, at our crossing-place, stands a *town*—LISBON on one side, and VIENNA on the other—and arrived the same night at WASHINGTON, in Georgia. Here we were announced to perform three nights; but to our utter dismay, on the rising of the curtain we found that only *nine persons* constituted our entire audience! At the close of the performance, I directed the carpenter to take down the scenery and be ready for an early start in the morning. A great many people remonstrated against this hasty retreat, saying that now the citizens understood the performance was "respectable," they would crowd the room the other two nights; but I was firm in my determination to leave, and leave we did, without subjecting ourselves to the chance of such another mortification.

Two of our company, Mrs. Delmon and Mr. Coney, were married in this place; that is to say, the marriage ceremony was performed—I cannot suppose there was any legality in it, as Mr. Delmon was alive at the time. Poor Coney afterwards went to Texas, joined a military company, and was killed in battle. *Mrs. Coney*, after marrying several other gentlemen in the theatrical profession, is at this moment (June, 1853) performing in the city where I am writing, (St. Louis,) under her maiden name of "Miss Crampton!" She is certainly a very talented actress, and in retaining or rather *resuming* her maiden name she is only following the example of Miss Julia Bennett, Miss Anna Londsdale, Miss Anna Criuse, Miss Vallee, Mademoiselle Celeste, and a hundred others, some of whom are "happy wives" and mothers of children. This sailing under false colors is a most ridiculous and disgraceful custom, and operates more against the respectability of the profession than anything I know of. Some remarks of an old and valued friend on this subject, contained in a letter just received, are so much in consonance with my own views, that I insert them:

"Miss —— is a daily iterated lie, or she is a shameless prostitute! Does she intend to deceive the public into a belief that she is an unmarried woman? She courts their censure by cohabiting with Mr. ——. Does she claim their respect as a married woman, as Mrs. ——? She challenges their contempt by falsely assuming to be *Miss* ——. This may by some be considered as a pardonable deception; but I have had good evidence that it has led people to doubt the respectability of every person in the profession. They say—'Oh, you cannot tell anything about actors or actresses, whether they are maried or single; they have no respect for the marriage ceremony; even those who have husbands try to conceal the fact, considering the advantage of being called *Misses* of far more importance than to be respected as married women.' What can be said in favor of a profession where the women can coolly sacrifice their private reputation for the sake of an infamous notoriety. Language of this kind is common—how can it be otherwise?"

Being returned to Georgia, I thought it time to make inquiry as to the whereabouts of my company, left in charge of Managers Palmer and Lyons. It had scattered! There were several "branches" of the original stock perambulating the state; but the *Generals* had beat a retreat, and had "wandered away, no one knew whither!"

A Mr. Dyke, somewhat notorious as a strolling manager in Indiana and Illinois, having engaged one or two of my former company, (a carpenter and door-keeper,) announced his concern as one of my *branches.* Some years ago this same Dyke applied to my brother Lemuel for an engagement in the words and figures following, to wit:

> "Dear Sir:—I am informed u are in want of a woman. I can furnish you with my wife. She plays Mrs. Haller and dances the slack wire elegantly—the vursatility of her talents you may perceive by this is astonishing; and I don't give up the mock duke to no actor in the country. If you want my wife you can have us boath on reasonable turms, say ate (8) dollars for her and sicks (6) for me. Rite by return of male. Ures,
>
> WM. DYKE."

Pushed on to Milledgeville, where we arrived on the 18th of October, and commenced preparations for opening the theatre, which was no small task, inasmuch as Messrs. Palmer and Lyons had "managed" to destroy, scatter and lose nearly everything in the shape of wardrobe, scenery and properties entrusted to them. Mr. Lyons I did not meet for two or three years afterwards. Mr. Palmer came to see me during the time that we remained in Milledgeville; and in consequence of his having taken part with the murderer of my brother during my absence—that brother having always been a kind friend to him when living—I uttered this prophecy: "PALMER, YOU WILL DIE IN A DITCH!" Five years afterwards he came to me here in St. Louis, a poor drunken wretch, begging for means to purchase bread. I gave him $5, and he left me. Next day I learned that, in crossing a gully, on his way to St. Charles, he fell in, and actually died in the way I had prophecied! Lyons, about the same time, (1838,) formed a company for Texas, and embarking on board a brig at New York, was lost, with all the company except two, (Mr. Dougherty and another,) the vessel being upset in a gale.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIRE IN THE CAPITOL.

Commencement of the season—Fire—State House saved—A Negro rewarded, *after a while*—I claim a pair of boots.

WITH a rather inefficient company, consisting of some few stragglers reclaimed from my "branches," and the recruits I had brought with me from Cincinnati, the Milledgeville Theatre was opened on Monday, 28th of October, with the comedy of the "Soldier's Daughter," and the standard farce of "Family Jars."

Business continued dull until the assemblage of the legislature, on the 4th of November, when the tide turned in our favor and continued, with but little variation, to the end of the session and season.

A. H. PEMBERTON, Esq., from Augusta, passed most of his time here during the session. This gentleman (now dead) was a very energetic political writer, and wielded a considerable influence in the affairs of the state. He was a warm advocate and able defender of the stage, and wrote in its favor whenever opportunity offered. In 1831, he received the thanks, in a series of resolutions, of Mr. Caldwell's company, then performing in St. Louis, for his able and masterly defence of the drama, and of a member of our profession, Mrs. F. Brown, against the attacks of a fanatic named Gilchirst.

On the 16th of November there was an alarm of fire, and it was soon ascertained that the state house was burning. Our company instantly suspended rehearsal and repaired to the spot, where all were engaged in carrying out the valuable documents, records, and the assets of the Central Bank of Georgia. I did not perceive that any persons were making attempts to extinguish the fire, which was in the upper part of the house—all seeming to be impressed with the idea "the house must go," there being no engines in the town. Meeting an acquaintance or two, (I remember the names of Messrs. McElvoy and Williams) I proposed that we should go up and ascertain where the fire was. These gentlemen acceded to the proposition, and on our way, seeing a very large and strong negro man busily at work carrying out books, we enlisted him in our little band and proceeded to the roof, where we soon found that by energetic and prompt action it was yet possible to save the building. I am not going to describe the proceedings which took place—suffice it to say they were successful; the state house was saved. The following article from the pen of Mr. Pemberton, in the *Augusta Chronicle*, will show that due credit was given to those who were happily instrumental in saving the government building:

> "Great credit is due to Peter Williams, Esq., Sol. Smith, Esq., of the theatre, Mr. McElvoy of the House of Representatives, and one or two others whose names we do not know, and a Negro, for their intrepid and indefatigable exertions on the roof, to which, mainly, the preservation of the building is to be attributed. We trust the members of the Legislature and the people of Milledgeville, which latter have a deep interest in the preservation of the state house, will propose a benefit to Mr. Smith, and give him a glorious bumper for his fearless and most valuable exertions on the occasion. He richly deserves it."

The "benefit" *was* proposed, at $5 a ticket, but I shrank from the acceptance of any such demonstration. The NEGRO, however, (Gods! how that fellow did work!) was rewarded by the legislature with his freedom; or rather, I should say, it was the *intention* of the members to vote him his freedom; but in their hasty legislation they voted $1800 to *purchase* the man, and forgot to pass an act for his emancipation! It was only last year (1852) that the governor discovered the omission, and the legislature passed the necessary act. The noble fellow had been for nineteen years the property of the commonwealth, and had busied himself in taking care and keeping in order the building he had so efficiently assisted in preserving.

Now one word for *myself*. In that affair I lost a good (almost new) overcoat, and a valuable PAIR OF BOOTS, which I took off while working on the roof. The coat I say nothing about; but the boots!—I don't think it would be at all out of the way if the State of Georgia were to make me a present of a *bran new pair;* and I hope Governor COBB, before he retires from the station he has filled so well, will look into this business. Although I declined the proposed *benefit*, I will not decline the boots, if offered.

CHAPTER XXV.

BYROM, THE GAMBLER.

The ruined Merchant—The Oath—Appointment to die at Midnight—Death of Byrom—Conviction of Murder on Circumstantial Evidence, and execution of an innocent man.

"HENRY BYROM, the gambler, is shot!"

Such were the words which were passed from one to another on the morning of the 20th of November, 1833, at the seat of government of the State of Georgia. Henry Byrom, a young man of fine talents, and well educated, was a merchant in one of the small towns of Georgia, operating on a capital of $10,000 furnished by his mother. In an evil hour he entered a gambling house, "just to see what was going on," and was induced to make some small bets on the game of faro. He was successful at first; but before midnight, stimulated by strong drinks, with which he was plied, he not only lost all the ready money he had with him, but became deeply in debt to the keeper of the bank. Next day he was unfit for business, and did not open his store, and when night again shrouded the earth, he stealthily sought the gambler's den, determined to retrieve his fortunes or lose all.

"Here is the key of my store," said he to the the banker, throwing it down upon the table, "in it is a stock of goods which cost $10,000; give me checks—I play until I win back my last night's losses, or you win all the store contains."

"Agreed," said the banker, and commenced turning the cards.

In two short hours all was decided; the key remained in possession of the banker, and Byrom rushed out into the square a ruined man!

"I swore an oath," said Byrom, when relating these occurrences to me, "that from that moment *I* would prey upon mankind; *I* would learn the devilish arts of the gambler, and turn them against my fellow-men. I have done so—behold me now—I am no longer a merchant—no longer a respectable man. Can *he* be respectable—nay, can *he* lay any claim to a shadow of respectability—who has gambled away his MOTHER'S all, and CAUSED HER DEATH? No! no! I am—Byrom, the gambler!"

Traveling from Milledgeville to Athens in a stage coach with a mother and her two daughters, his fine appearance and polished manners made an impression so favorable that when the coach stopped and he was bowing his adieu, the old lady expressed the hope that he would call on them if he should visit Macon, where they resided. He smiled languidly as he listened to the old lady; then, drawing himself up, he threw open his outside traveling coat, and casting a piercing glance at the ladies, he laughed sarcastically, and exclaiming, "I am Byrom, the gambler!" walked away.

Byrom, when I knew him, was one of the most expert of the "sporting men" in the state; he played high, drank deep, and was in fact a gentlemanly desperado. In an affray he killed a Mr. Ellis, of Macon, in 1832, and was now in Milledgeville, pursuing his nefarious profession. On the night of the 19th of November, some difficulty occurring between a hotel-keeper, (Mr. Macomb,) and Col. Ward, a friend of Byrom's, fire-arms were resorted to, and the Colonel received a dangerous wound from a pistol shot. Byrom became savage, and threatened vengeance on Macomb, who, it was universally conceded, acted only in self-defence. I heard the conclusion of a speech he made to a large concourse of people, from the steps of the hotel where Macomb lay wounded. He denounced Macomb and all who sided with him as poltroons and cowards, and dared them, one and all, to "fight it out" with *him*, said that he would have the heart's blood of Macomb, and concluded by taking out his watch and saying:—I APPOINT TWELVE O'CLOCK THIS NIGHT TO DIE, AND INVITE YOU ALL TO MY FUNERAL."

Macomb's friends had armed themselves, and stood ready, on the second floor of a back gallery, to repel any attack which might be made. Byrom continued to walk up and down the platform beneath the gallery, with a cocked pistol in each hand, until exactly twelve o'clock, when exclaiming, "come, it is time!" he rushed up the steps, and was met by the discharge of a volley of musketry, which laid him dead. There I saw his lifeless body the next morning, the pistols still grasped in his clenched hands. Seven or eight buckshot had entered his brain—and that was the end of BYROM, THE GAMBLER.

On Friday, 22d of November, I witnessed the execution of the Rev. Mr. Johnson, convicted of murdering his wife's sister, a child about twelve years of age, by hanging her on a hackbury tree. His guilt appeared undoubted, although the evidence was all *circumstantial*. On the gallows he seemed quite unconcerned. He had evidently made up his mind to die, all intercessions to the legislature on his behalf for a pardon having proved unavailing. His wife, who was mainly instrumental in proving his guilt, was on the gallows with him, and seemed anxious that her husband should forgive her before he suffered. The poor man, whose hands were fast tied, could not embrace his wife; but allowed her to embrace *him*, and appeared rather pleased when she got through with her caresses. Mr. Johnson was then asked if he had anything to say before he suffered the extreme penalty of the law? He turned and looked around on the crowd and said mildly, "I have nothing to say, except that I hope all of you, my friends, who came to see this sight, when your time comes to die, may be as ready to meet your God as *I* am. I DIE INNOCENT." In less than a minute after these words were uttered, his body was hanging a lifeless corpse, and the people were returning to their homes, wondering how any man—particularly a minister of the gospel—could be so hardened as to die *with a lie upon his lips;* for probably not one in that large crowd gave credit to his dying words.

Reader, he *did* die innocent! Fourteen years afterwards a negro was hung in Mississippi, who on the gallows confessed that *he* committed the crime for which Mr. Johnson paid the terrible penalty.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OLD SOL.'S MESSAGE.

Close of season—A good benefit—Message to the Legislature.

On the occasion of my benefit—the closing night—I issued the following "Message," which undoubtedly had its desired effect, for the house was crammed in every part:

OLD SOL.'S MESSAGE.

To both Houses of the Legislature.

Gentlemen—As we are about closing our labors in the Metropolis for the present year—or in other words, as our Legislative and Theatrical *Sessions* are about to end, I think it my duty and *interest* to communicate this my MESSAGE.

I thank you for your *co-operation* in many instances, but I am of opinion that a better understanding ought to be had next year on one subject—that is, *Night Sessions.* I recommend that you hereafter leave *them* to *me.* I am not certain whether the people's interests would be promoted by adopting my views on this subject, but I am almost certain that *mine* would. Several times during our present *Session,* when we have been toiling thro' a long Tragedy or Comedy (to the bare walls and empty benches,) and I have seen the Senate and Representative Chambers lit up, nothing but the great respect I have felt and do feel for my co-laborers for the public weal, has prevented me from exclaiming, in the words of the immortal bard, "*a plague on both your houses.*"

I have the honor of stating to you that the receipts the current year have fallen considerably below the estimates, but with a strict economy, and a guarded examination of expenditures, only a small *appropriation* will be necessary to meet all emergencies.

My *Night Sessions* have been pretty regularly held. A great number of *bills* have been *reported,* (and 800 copies *ordered to be printed,*) many of which have been *approved* of, but some of which, I am sorry to say, have not been *acted on*, in consequence of there not being a *quorum* present to decide upon their merits. I wish you to take this into your serious consideration—that while you have been snugly seated in your *houses*, discussing the merits of nullification and *railroads*, (sure of your four dollars a day,) I have frequently been under the necessity of ordering many *bills* to *lie on the table*, because there was *no money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated*.

As all the members of *our house* have had their *claims* allowed, it only remains for me to recommend that each of you immediately *pass a bill* (a one dollar Central Bank bill) for the *benefit* of OLD SOL.

I did intend to say something on other matters of importance—such as the U. S. Bank,—Donna Maria Gloria of Portugal, Major Jack Downing,—Col. Crockett—the Alabama Question—the late and expected nomination for Congress—&c. &c. &c.—but my time is precious, and I leave to your imaginations what I would say on each and all of these subjects. I will conclude this *document* by saying that as there have been a great many PARTIES, lately, I give a general invitation to the members of *all* PARTIES to attend *my* PARTY this evening; and I hope the measure will be carried *without a division*.

Given under my hand at the Executive Office of the Theatre, this 14th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1833, of the Independence of U. S. the 58th, and of my management in Georgia, the Second. SOL. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXVII.

STOPPING PLACES IN GEORGIA AND ALABAMA.

Macon—A challenge from an enraged Tragedian—A premature explosion—The "Old Station"—Captain Crowell and his "boy" Peter—Prayer and Punch—Jumping for a wife—Gen. Woodward's extra charge for Music—Accident at a Quarter Race in the Creek Nation—The unfortunate Widow.

OUR next move was to MACON, where, in consequence of bad weather, we made but a poor season. I remember nothing very *amusing* connected with my present visit to this city except the following:

During Christmas time one night, our heavy tragedian got "tight," and kicked up "considerable of a muss" in one of the dressing-rooms, ending his manœuvers by attacking one of the employees of the theatre and inflicting upon him many blows, cuffs and thumps. This conduct entitled him, under our rules and regulations, to an instant discharge, which he instantly received; when, taking his bundle under his arm and assuring me in an emphatic manner that I should "hear from him," the indignant tragedian went off, and the play went on. The piece was "Paul Pry at Dover," in which I personated the inquisitive Paul. Just as I was going on the stage in the third act, to be shut up in a box of fireworks, a note was handed to me by the call-boy. Not having leisure to read it at the time, I put it in my vest pocket, and proceeded with my part. In due time I was in the box, where (having a lighted candle with me) it was my business, at a certain "cue," to set fire to a fuse or match communicating with fireworks. As I lay there, waiting for my cue, the note I had received occurred to my mind, and I determined to read it. It was *a challenge from the discharged tragedian!* I burst into a violent laugh, (I couldn't help it,) and during my cachinatory movements, I upset the candle, which communicated to the fuse before the proper time, and the contemplated "terrible explosion" took place prematurely.

Moving south-westwardly, (I forgot to say there was no duel—the challenge was withdrawn next day,) MONTGOMERY, in Alabama, was our next destination—leaving out Columbus this time. Of the various stopping places, when journeying from town to town in Georgia, I remember none with more pleasure than the "Old Station"—Capt. Crowell's. The arrival of our company, always announced by an *avant courier*, was the cause of a holiday with the jolly old captain and his amiable family. Such delicious fare as we had at the station! and with it, always such a hearty welcome! Ah! I *must* travel through that country again—and *will*, if my life is spared another year.

The captain had a boy named PETER; rather an old *boy*—say between fifty and sixty years of age—a negro, in whose judgment he had great confidence. When in the least doubt on any matter, he always appealed to Peter, who never failed to give his opinion honestly, bluntly and immediately. Sometimes the traveling community crowded on him in such numbers that the worthy captain found it difficult, even with his "ample room and verge," to accommodate the late comers. After talking the matter over, he would appeal to his black oracle. "It don't seem to me we can possibly accommodate any more; every bed is engaged. Peter, what do *you* think?" "Put 'em on blankets by the fire," Peter would suggest, if favorably inclined to the travelers; if otherwise, his answer would probably be—"Can't take in anudder one;" and the captain always confirmed Peter's decision, exclaiming, "Peter is right."

It so happened on one occasion, when we were sojourners with Captain Crowell, that a traveling preacher came along rather late in the evening, and applied for accommodation.

"Don't believe we can take you in, stranger; mighty full to-night—got the play actors here—jolly set! full, jam up!" said the captain.

"I regret exceedingly that you cannot accomodate me, as I am fatigued and hungry, having been in the saddle since sunrise," mildly replied the preacher, as he turned his horse's head to pursue his journey.

The captain relented a little. "Fatigued and hungry! The devil! It won't do to turn a man off fatigued and hungry,—what do *you* say, Peter?"

Peter, who had been waiting for the question, answered,—"Better call um back,"—which was instantly done.

"Holloo! Stranger! Holloo! you with the saddlebags! Come back and 'light—we'll see what we can do for you."

The preacher did not wait for a second invitation, but returned and dismounted.

"*I* don't like preachers much—nor Peter either; but mother and the girls have no objections to 'em," mumbled the captain as he took the saddle-bags and put them safely away. "I'll be dot darned if I know what to do with him, though—everything is full. What do *you* say, Peter?

"Put him in de bar," answered Peter, and it was so arranged. "Peter is right!" exclaimed the captain.

After supper, the preacher proposed that we should have family worship, saying that Mrs. Crowell and the young ladies had accorded their consent to such a proceeding. The captain was taken completely aback. The truth is, he had ordered Peter to make a tremendous bowl of punch, and had calculated on passing the evening in a jolly and convivial way. The proposed "family worship" didn't seem exactly compatible; yet he disliked to refuse, as the females seemed to favor it.

"Well, stranger," said he, "I don't know what to think about this here business. I didn't expect, when we took you in, that you would knock up our fun; that is, I didn't exactly look for you to go in for any of your preachin' fixins; the fact is, we have company to-night, (lowering his voice,) who ain't much used to that sort of thing; in short—What do *you* say, Peter?"

"Let him go it," replied Peter at once, knowing that it would gratify his mistress.

So the travelers and family were gathered together in the bar-room, and the worthy Presbyterian commenced one of those extensively long prayers which appear to have no end, and in which the Almighty is *told what to do* with his creatures in all their varied walks of life. The captain stood it pretty well for the first quarter of an hour, but after a while he began to get mighty uneasy. Looking first one way and then another, his eye at length rested on Peter, who was standing on the outside of the door, bearing in his arms a large bowl. He had been tempted several times to stop the clergyman, but now he determined to submit the matter to an umpire that never failed to decide correctly—accordingly, in a loud whisper, he propounded the question—"What do you say, Peter?"

"Better quit it," was the decision of Peter, who almost immediately added—"Punch is ready."

The captain gave a gentle jog to the long-winded Presbyterian, and said—"Peter thinks we'd better bring this matter to an end. We've got a splendid bowl of punch; and as soon as you can conveniently come to 'Amen,' perhaps it would be as well to wind up."

The minister did "wind up" rather su[illegible] and the "family worship" was over for that night. I feel compelled to add that the preacher, after a little urging, drank his full share of the punch, and the evening passed off pleasantly, ending with the stowing away of the worthy divine in the little room known as the "bar," where he rested as well, probably, as he would have done in the best bed-room—his long ride in a drizzling rain, assisted by the comforting contents of Peter's punch bowl, predisposing him to a sound sleep.

It had been told me for a fact that Capt. Crowell had said no man should marry his daughter who could not *out-jump her.* At the time I traveled in that country, it was said she had out-jumped all the young men who had come to woo her; but the captain felt pretty certain that when the *right one* should come *she wouldn't jump so well.* More than likely, long before this time she has been "won and wed."

Another famous stopping place was Gen. Woodward's, at Caleba Swamp. The general was a tall, noble looking fellow, a rough likeness of George Barrett. He always gave us a hearty welcome, and many a pleasant night I have spent at his house. A most eccentric man he was. A preacher putting up at his house one night, complained of being disturbed by a fiddler who kept playing till midnight. (The "fiddler" was the general himself.) Next morning, as the travelers came up to settle their several bills, each was charged a dollar, except the preacher, of whom a dollar *and a quarter* was demanded.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me why it is you charge me more than the others?" asked the preacher.

"Sartin," replied the general—"the extra quarter I charge you for—*the music.*"

It was General Woodward who, during the Indian troubles, sent a formal offer to the War Department that for $500 he would take as many rocks as he could carry in his pocket, and *stone the Creeks out of the Nation.*

Between Caleba Swamp and Line Creek, in the "Nation," we saw considerable of a crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whiskey. The first thing I noticed on alighting, was the singular position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and standing on his hinder feet, his head wedged in between the ends of two logs of the grocery, and he was stone dead, having evidently run directly against the building at full speed, causing the house partially to fall. About five paces from the body of the horse lay the rider, quite senseless, with a gash in his throat which might have let out a thousand lives. As I said, most of the crowd were seated and smoking.

"What is all this?" I inquired. "What is the matter here?"

"Matter?" after a while answered one in a drawling voice, giving a good spit, and refilling his mouth with a new cud. "Matter enough; there's been a quarter race."

"But how came this man and horse killed?" I asked.

"Well," answered the chewing and spitting gentleman—"the man was considerably in liquor, I reckon, and he run his hoss chuck agin the house, and that's the whole on it."

"Has a doctor been sent for?" inquired one of our party.

"I reckon there ain't much use of doctors *here*," replied another of the crowd. "Burnt brandy couldn't save either of 'em, man or hoss."

"Has this man a wife and children?" inquired I.

"No children, that I knows on," answered a female, who was sitting on the ground a short distance from the dead man, smoking composedly.

"He has a wife, then?" I remarked. "What will be her feelings when she learns the fatal termination of this most unfortunate race?"

"Yes," sighed the female—"it *was* an unfortunate race—poor man, he lost the whiskey."

"Do you happen to know his wife?—has she been informed of the untimely death of her husband?" were my next inquiries.

"Do I *know* her? Has she been informed of his death?" said the woman. "Well, I reckon you ain't acquainted about these parts. *I* am the unfortunate widder."

"*You*, madam! *You* the wife of this man who has been so untimely cut off?" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, and what about it?" said she. "Untimely cut off? His throat's cut, that's all, by that 'tarnal sharp end of a log; and as for its being *untimely*, I don't know but it's as well now as any time—*he warn't of much account, no how!*"

She resumed her smoking, and we resumed our journey.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GEORGE HOLLAND, THE COMEDIAN.

A very short chapter, and not much in it.

THE season in MONTGOMERY, this year, (1834,) commenced on the 16th of January. The celebrated George Holland joined me in the management, and the firm was "Smith & Holland."

George Holland came to this country under an engagement for three years at the Bowery Theatre. After performing in that establishment for a short time, he received so many offers of *starring* engagements, that he *bought himself out*, and started on a tour through the states, making money at every step. In a year or two he accumulated sufficient means to purchase a cottage at Harlem, near New York. Being fond of domestic comforts, he fitted up his place in the most tasteful manner—improved his grounds—had a boat—kept his gig and fast trotting poney, and was really in a little earthly paradise. Being a very popular comedian in New York, and his cottage being always open to his friends, he had considerable company, who delighted in his society, his jokes, his dinners and his champagne. He lived thus for about two years; when some "d—d good natured friends" persuaded him to fit up his place as a *house of entertainment.* He followed the advice—expended a large sum in preparing his premises for the reception of company, and——was ruined! Those *friends* who could find time to pass days at his cottage when it cost nothing, now found that their business in town suffered during their absence; the wine which was drank with such *gout* before, was now discovered to be of the same kind as that kept at Niblo's in the city; the ice cream, ice punches and strawberries, could be got in New York, and the expense of the ride saved; the few who did visit the cottage, found that Holland, the hospitable host of invited guests, was a different person from Holland the *landlord*—and though he had been always ready with his joke and repartee when entertaining friends at his own expense, his feelings shrank from giving an expected anecdote with a glass of cream, or a *bon mot* with a bowl of punch. *The speculation failed*, and George Holland was compelled to go out into the world again.

The veteran Cooper, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Holland, made a professional tour—giving entertainments in all the principal towns from Baltimore to New Orleans. The anecdotes which might be related of this trip would fill a small volume. George gave loose to his love of fun, and the two tragedians were obliged to "stand it."

My business connection with George Holland was a very pleasant one. We parted at the close of the season with mutual good feelings, and he proceeded to New Orleans, where he soon became the principal clerk of James H. Caldwell, about that time extensively engaged in starting his gas company. In after years we were thrown into antagonistic interests, but not for a moment did either of us entertain any but the most friendly feeling towards the other. In prosperity and adversity he adhered to the fortunes and misfortunes of Mr. Caldwell, until 1843, when that gentleman bade adieu to theatrical management. For a few months Mr. Holland traveled with Dr. Lardner, as his agent and manager; and then attached himself to the Little Olympic, under manager Mitchell, where he remaided seven years, as great a favorite as New York ever knew. On the retirement of Mitchell from the management, in 1849, Holland accepted an engagement offered him by Mr. Thomas Placide, manager of the "Varieties," New Orleans, where he enjoys a popularity never perhaps achieved by any other actor in the city. The summers of Mr. Holland are spent here in St. Louis, where he is deservedly esteemed both as an actor and a man. But to return to our narrative.

The following is a list of our Montgomery stars: Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett, Mr. George Hill, and Miss Jane Placide. The season was a moderately good one, and closed on the 26th of April.

Many—many anecdotes occur to my mind connected with this season. I am tempted to tell of a certain *champagne party*, which terminated in a very tall individual *going to bed with his boots on;* but I forbear, out of the great respect and good feeling I entertain for a certain personage, well known in theatrical circles by the nickname of "Gentleman George." *He* will understand all about it. Here I wind up the very brief outline of my journey-work in the campaign of 1833–4.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MY LAST TRAVELING CAMPAIGN.

New Organization—List of Company—Journeying over old Ground—Losing Season in Augusta—Breach of the Rules and Regulations—A Manager for a Minute—Judging one's own case—The Golden Rule.

A NEW organization of my forces was absolutely necessary. The past year's company was anything but one to be proud of. Falstaff refused to "march through Coventry" with *his* company—*I* was determined I would no longer march through Georgia and Alabama with mine; so repairing to New Orleans, the word was passed around that "recruits" were wanted for my last traveling campaign; and a very short time sufficed to fill the list, which is here annexed:

Mrs. Sol. Smith, Mrs. Gay, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. McDonald; Messrs. J. M. Field, Spencer, C. W. Hunt, Langton, Gay, Washburn, Sullivan, Decius Rice, Flagg and Rutherford. Leader of the Orchestra, H. C. Walsh.

I note here the decease of Mr. J. Purdy Brown, manager of the Mobile Theatre, on the 7th June, 1834, after an illness of only a few hours, caused, as it is supposed, by eating *crabs* for supper at a late hour.

Conceiving that too many details of the *business* must tire the reader, (it certainly tires *me* to write them,) I will confine myself to a very brief compendium of our proceedings during this year.

The company was certainly better, by several degrees, than any which had preceded it in the circuit; but the receipts fell far below those of previous seasons.

At MONTGOMERY, to begin with, we played two weeks; at COLUMBUS four; MACON six; and then proceeded to AUGUSTA, at the earnest request of many of the most respectable citizens.

Here I leased the theatre for one year, and occupied it one month, losing in that month $1,000. The rent ($1,000) was secured by a mortgage on a lot in Macon, which was eventually sold to pay the same. Two years afterwards that lot was worth $11,000! So my month's management in Augusta was anything but profitable.

Charles W. Hunt was a member of my company at the time. He was then a promising young actor aspiring to establish himself as a low comedian; but young as he was, and *modest*, I think the reader will agree with me, when he reads what follows, that he exhibited a degree of *coolness under difficulties*, worthy of an experienced veteran.

On the very first night of the season, this Hunt got into a difficulty with a Mr. Sullivan, a fiery, trodden-down young tragedian. A fight ensued, which ended in the breaking of poor Hunt's arm. A fight behind the scenes being a most unusual occurrence, in any well-regulated theatre, is always visited upon the party who is in the wrong, by the utmost rigor of the "rules and regulations;" either an immediate discharge, or a heavy penalty in the way of stoppage of salary, must be submitted to by the offender. Hunt stood in this predicament. He had brought the misfortune upon himself, and in an apologetic letter the next morning, he acknowledged his fault to the fullest extent; but inasmuch as he was suffering for his indiscretion, and would be prevented, at least for several weeks, from appearing on the boards, my mind was made up at once to treat him with great leniency; in fact, I determined to say nothing at all about the affair, and permit him to rejoin the company whenever his arm should be healed.

The season closed—so did the broken bone of Hunt's arm. The treasury was opened for the payment of salaries for the final week in Augusta. As was my custom at that time, I attended personally to this ceremony. Piles of silver and bank notes were laid out before me on a table in the director's room—the receipt book was ready, and the clerk was directed to admit the performers, "*one by one*," to receive their salaries. The door was opened, and the first individual that appeared, was the broken-armed comedian, Hunt!

"Ah! is that you, Mr. Hunt? Good morning"—thus I greeted him; "glad to see you out; arm quite well?" I asked.

"Thank you, yes," he replied, taking a chair which I pointed to. "I have suffered greatly for my folly," he continued—"only catch me getting into a fight again, that's all!"

"That's the right feeling, Mr. Hunt," I remarked. "Such scenes are disreputable in every way. Let this be a lesson to you."

"It shall, most assuredly," promised the repentant comedian. The conversation here ceased, and I began to count over a "ten" pile, in hopes my visitor would take his leave and permit the payment of salaries to proceed, as I was in haste, intending to leave the city for Milledgeville the same afternoon. Finding the comedian did not exhibit the least sign of departure, after a few common-place observations respecting the fine weather for travelling, I ventured courteously to suggest that I should be happy to see him *some other time*, it being "salary day," and a busy one for me—the people waiting——

"Ye—es," replied Hunt—"salary day—that's just the reason I came in at this very time. My salary has been lying in the treasury during the whole season of four weeks; and as we leave this afternoon, why I thought"——

"*Your* salary, Mr. Hunt!" I exclaimed, with some surprise—"I was not aware there was anything due *you*. If my memory serves me, everything was settled at the close of the season in Macon."

"Decidedly," admitted Hunt; "everything was paid up—fair and square; but it is *this* season's salary I speak of, and which I have called to receive."

"My dear sir," I remonstrated—"you don't imagine, I hope, that you are entitled to salary during the time you have rendered no service? Your hurt was not received in the performance of your professional duties—on the contrary you received it whilst engaged in a most unpardonable breach of the rules and regulations, which not only subjects you to a heavy fine, but renders you liable to an instant discharge, as you know and have admitted; and now"——

"That is all true," interrupted Mr. Hunt, "but"——

"Hear me through," I continued; "and now, instead of coming to ask leave to rejoin the company at Milledgeville, and perhaps *ask a loan* of a small sum, which very likely would not be refused, under the circumstances, it appears you intend to set up a claim for salary during your confinement. Am I right in supposing such to be your intention?"

"Most indubitably you are," was my friend Hunt's reply—"that is," he continued—"so far as my claiming *something* in the way of salary, you *are* right. I do think you ought to allow me at least a *portion* of the amount which would now be my due, had not this untoward accident happened. Gentlemen of the army receive *half-pay* when they are wounded or retire from service. What say you? Let us compromise this matter—give me *half* salary for the four weeks, and we'll have no more words about it."

The coolness of this proposition almost upset my temper. The rules and regulations which he had agreed to and signed, stipulated that "no salary should be received during sickness, or when no services were tendered;" and although I had always been in the habit of making some allowance in cases where performers received an injury while in the exercise of their duties in the theatre, I could not see the least reason why the treasury should be taxed in a case like this, where there had been a decided breach of the rules, and where the fault was acknowledged to be on the side of the party now claiming salary.

"I cannot admit this claim," I said, firmly. "I intended to reinstate you in your situation at the next town, considering that your sufferings had atoned for your fault; moreover I now profess myself ready to *loan* you some money, if you stand in need of it, to enable you to settle up your bills here and travel to Milledgeville. This is all I can or will do."

"Then I consider you act unjustly," replied Hunt, surlily, rising and taking his hat. "Here have I been suffering for a month, confined to my room, earning nothing, subjected to expenses of boarding, washing and surgical attendance, and now to be fobbed off without any salary for four weeks—really it is too"——

"Fobbed off?" I rejoined—"fobbed, sir? Is it not enough that I should be deprived of your services during the whole of the season—must I now be accused of acting unjustly because I do not entertain your absurd claim, and *pay* you for your improper conduct?"

The discussion was waxing warm, and there appeared to be no chance of coming to an understanding; the company were all waiting in the next room for their salaries. I became impatient, and at length proposed that we should call in two or three members of the company as arbitrators; but to this Hunt objected, saying that he thought he was capable of attending to his own affairs, and that he would not give up his own judgment for that of any person living!

"Well, then," I replied—"to *your* judgment and sense of justice I will submit the matter. Here, take this seat. You shall be the manager—*I* the actor. You shall be judge in your own case."

Mr. Hunt very readily took possession of the vacated chair, graciously remarking that my proposition convinced him that I was indeed the upright and just man he had always taken me to be. I felt quite confident that he would view the matter in a proper light, when he came to see it in all its proper bearings.

Taking Hunt's late position in front of the table—

"Mr. Manager," I began, "the season being ended, I have come to request that the outrage I committed on the first night, and which has laid me up for a month, may not be in the way of my restoration to the company, inasmuch as I have suffered greatly from the serious hurt I received on that unfortunate occasion."

"Yes, yes," replied *manager* Hunt, with a dignified wave of the hand, "that is all understood; join us at Milledgeville, and let us have no more such scenes—they are disgraceful in the extreme. What more?"

"Well, sir," continued I, still in the character of the suppliant invalid, "perhaps as I have been so great a sufferer, you may not think it unreasonable that I should ask some pecuniary accommodation?"

"It is but reasonable," replied the manager *pro tem.*, promptly; "that matter has been thought of. Have you no other request to make?" he inquired, turning round in the chair and taking up a pen.

"Yes," I replied, hesitatingly, "I have been thinking—though really I am almost ashamed to mention it—that possibly you might allow me *half pay* during my confinement; in short, as it is a delicate matter, I leave it entirely to your own sense of justice to decide whether I shall receive *anything* from the treasury or not."

"Ahem! yes, I understand," said my *locum tenens*, casting a cursory glance over a copy of the rules and regulations which happened to lay before him, riveting his eye for a moment at the particular section which had been violated, and uttering two or three emphatic "hems," he then proceeded slowly to pronounce judgment in the case, as follows:

"Young man, you have done very wrong—very wrong indeed—but on the other hand, you have suffered very much—I am fully sensible *how* much; therefore we will let that pass. The offence has carried its own punishment with it. I have already told you that you are restored to your situation. In regard to your application for pecuniary assistance, I scarcely know what to say. You speak of *half* pay. This, I am disposed to believe, would scarcely reach your merits—certainly not your *necessities*. Your rapid improvement in your profession has not been unnoticed by the management; your conduct, with the single exception of the case under consideration, has been most exemplary; *your salary is not large*—and in this connection I may say *a small addition* to your weekly income has been thought of; but the season has been so unpropitious that this is not the proper time to carry out my intentions concerning you—therefore, taking every point into consideration, and acting upon the principle of returning good for evil, which, as a good Christian, I feel impelled to do—THERE!" (with great composure selecting six of the ten-dollar piles before him, and magnanimously pushing them, one by one, across the table,) "there, my boy, is the WHOLE OF YOUR SALARY, TO DATE—sign the receipt."

* * * * *

The judgment was of course affirmed, when I resumed the managerial chair. Hunt pocketed his sixty dollars, and retired perfectly satisfied with his brief term of management, and I proceeded with the payment of salaries to the ladies and gentlemen who had been kept waiting by the enactment of this singular scene. Hunt afterwards justified his proceeding, by saying he acted on the golden rule—"Do UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU."

CHAPTER XXX.

ANOTHER MESSAGE, AND THE LAST.

Last Season in Milledgeville—Final Message to the Legislature.

At Milledgeville, during the session of the legislature, we made a moderately successful season of seven weeks. I insert my BENEFIT MESSAGE, although it must be allowed "it took" better nineteen years ago than it possibly can now. Its effect at the time may be judged of by the fact that *every member of the legislature* made it a point to attend my benefit, or send his dollar.

OLD SOL.'S MESSAGE,

To both Houses of the Georgia Legislature.

GENTLEMEN:—As the *curtain* is about to *fall* on our *legislative* and *theatrical* labors, it again becomes my duty to address you, before we both depart from the *scenes* of our official *acts.*

In your two houses may be found almost as great a variety as is seen in OUR house. You cannot be lacking in wisdom, for you have a *Solomon* and a *Daniel.* No one can doubt your ability to do your *work* well, for you are well provided with mechanics; for instance you have a *Taylor*, 2 *Bakers*, a *Wright*, 3 *Smiths*, a *Cooper*, and a *Chandler.* You have sent away to Washington, a *King*, to do what formerly required a *Troup* to perform. Yet you retain one *King* among you, and a *Prince* writes down your doings. You have a *Hall*, and there you sit, *Day* and *(K)night*, (and sometimes *Morrow*,) surrounded by *Bush*, *Woods*, *Groves*, *Graves*, *Fields* and *Rivers;* and not content with what you can procure from your own *Ho(l)mes*, you have a *Holland*-er, two *Moor(e)s*, (besides a *Moor*-ish stenographer,) and one yet *Wilder!* Though there are no buyers among you, I am told that you have had plenty of *Sellers.* You have no riders, but can boast of two excellent *Walkers.* You have a *Hard(e)man* from Oglethorpe, a *Hardman* from Jasper, and a *Little* doctor from Wilkinson. Two of your number will never be too old for members, for they are sure to remain *Young* always. One member, (without deserving to be so,) is a *Butt* of the Senate, and another, tho' really a brave man, bears the name of a *Cowart*. While you unfortunately have but one *Free-man* among you, and but one who is *Well-born*.

Notwithstanding this heterogeneous mass of which your honorable body is composed, I am happy to say your proceedings have mostly met my approbation. It is true two or three times I was tempted to let off a PROCLAMATION, a VETO, or a PROTEST at you, (I mean when you was about to "*use up*" Judge Hooper,) but perhaps "'tis better as it is."

Our sister State of South Carolina, I am glad to say, has settled her domestic difficulties, by each party agreeing to understand the oath of allegiance just as they each please, which agreement I have officially ratified; and the happy effects of the compromise are beginning to be apparent in the altered tone of the newspapers.

In New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio and other states, elections have lately been held, and I now officially state to you, that in almost every instance those candidates who had a majority of votes were elected.

A Mr. Thompson, from Great Britain, is lecturing in Massachusetts, against slavery; and as *Negro* slavery does not exist there, it is recommended that the philanthropic gentleman be invited to visit us at the south, where his labors would be properly *appreciated* and *rewarded*.

The U. S. Bank seems to have received its final sentence, and must go down; but to break its fall, and in a spirit of good feeling which I hope will always characterize men in high official stations, I have issued a circular to my Box Offices, directing that its bills and drafts be received in all payments due this department.

You are aware that before we again meet in our official capacity, it will become the duty of our constituents to choose a governor. I have not made up my mind whether to give my voice for *Groce* or *Davis*. When I hear from Col. Crockett and Mrs. Royall on the subject, you shall know.

An eclipse of the sun took place on the 30th ult., according to announcement, and was a well got up affair—the moon had a bit of an eclipse also, on the 15th inst., but it was rather a failure.

Messrs. Garrison and Tappan seem to be losing ground at the north—it is recommended that they travel to the south for their health, where they would be presented with some *essence of pine*, which abounds in this region, and some goose feathers.

Graves, the Indian murderer, (notwithstanding Judge Baldwin's citation,) has been hung—Hogg Smith, ditto.

From foreign powers I continue to receive the most gratifying assurances of friendship, which it is our interest as well as wish to cultivate. Since my last message, my friend Don Pedro, after driving his illustrious brother, Don Miguel, from the Portuguese throne, and placing his gracious daughter, Maria de Gloria, on it, has "left this stage of fools"—but before he made his final *exit*, he received the full reward of his "long enduring toils"—a most munificent token of affection from his royal child—payment in full of all demands—the order of fiddle-de-diddle-addleum!!! My young friend the Queen writes me that the gift, bestowed in the very nick of time, (just as his Imperial Majesty was giving his last kick,) made the Royal Pedro go off in a paroxysm of gratitude and delight. In a P. S. the young Queen suggests that if we have any kings or princes here who can trace their ancestry a few generations back of Noah, she has no objection to hear from them, previous to making up her royal mind on the many applications which have been made for her gracious hand. I have accordingly despatched a messenger with letters to Black Hawk, (who seemed to make a considerable impression on the Yankee ladies summer before last,) and when his answer is received, I will lay the correspondence before you.

Don Carlos of Spain has applied to me for assistance against his august sister-in-law; but I conceive it to be our proper policy to abstain from all interference with the affairs of Spain at present—as Mr. Rothschild has lately been considerably *bit* by dabbling in Spanish stocks.

"It becomes my unpleasant duty to inform you that this pacific and highly gratifying picture of our foreign relations, does not include those with France at this time." The King of the French has neglected to plank up the amount of indemnity agreed on by treaty. For full particulars of this business, I refer you to the President's message. I deem this the proper course for myself, as Gen. Jackson might object to my interference in a "co-ordinate branch of the government."

I must hasten over the other matters which it is necessary to communicate to you: Yankee HILL has gone to New Orleans—the Wandering Piper is in town—Cotton bears a good price—the charter of the Darien Bank has been renewed—the gas lights are in successful operation at New Orleans—U. S. Bank stock is worth 107—the Dutch have taken Holland—Tecumseh is dead—Fanny Kemble is married to her Butler—I wish you a merry Christmas—and (now we come to the point) *my benefit is to take place this evening.*

Done at the Executive Office of the Theatre, this 20th day of December, in the 59th year of American Independence, and of my management in Georgia the third.

SOL. SMITH.

[300 *copies ordered to be printed.*]

CHAPTER XXXI.

WINDING UP OF MY COUNTRY MANAGEMENT.

Journey of three hundred Miles—Last season in Montgomery—Our leading Actor—Stars—Dawning of the Drama in Wetumpka—Visit to Hayneville—Orderly Audiences—Old Jack Barnes—Murder of Richard and Richmond—Comic Dance by a Marble Statue—What's trumps?—Debut of Mat. Field—End of my Country Management.

DECIDING to make direct for Montgomery, without stopping at Macon and Columbus, we made arrangements for our journey of three hundred miles, which we accomplished, after undergoing unheard-of hardships, in ten days, at an expense not much short of $1000, without reckoning the salaries of the company. At Caleba Swamp, we found about three thousand persons waiting for the mending of a bridge. If any one is curious to know some of the incidents at this "watering place," let him purchase J. M. Field's "Drama at Pokerville," and turn to the sketch entitled, "A Night in a Swamp."

Opened at MONTGOMERY on the 3d of January, 1835, with the "Heir at Law" and "'Tis All a Farce." Next night we played "Hamlet" and "My Aunt"—*Hamlet*, Mr. J. M. Field, who, the reader must know, had been during the preceding year "doing up" the leading business of tragedy very acceptably to the Georgians. I can never consider Mr. Field a great *tragedian;* but I do say that I have seen many much worse representatives of *King*

Lear, *Richard*, *Othello*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Shylock*, and *Hamlet*, than he was at the time I am writing of. At *this* time he occasionally "goes on" for *Claude Melnotte* and *Sir Thomas Clifford;* but the opinion seems to be quite prevalent among the "b-hoys" that "Jo had better stick to comedy."

During this season, Mrs. Drake acted with us a starring engagement—so did Yankee Hill, and—last, not least—HENRY J. FINN. I remember seeing him play *Iago* at the old Chatham Theatre in 1824. He was now a comedian—and *such* a comedian!

Urged by the citizens of WETUMPKA, I sent my dramatic forces, under the temporary command of Brev. Gen. J. M. Field, to that remarkably primitive city, where a considerable business was done in a billiard room, hastily transformed into a theatre, during a season of two weeks. Mr. CHARLES MASON, a nephew of John Kemble, played here three or four nights, to good houses.

HAYNEVILLE, in the opposite direction, now claimed a visit; and in a large room in the academy, a little out of town, the drama shed forth its influences on audiences who gave no token whatever of their appreciation of our efforts. For twelve successive nights we exerted ourselves for their edification; and to this day I am in utter ignorance whether our efforts were satisfactory or not—for not a hand of applause greeted us during the whole time; neither did a smile—a laugh was out of the question—shed its ray, to cheer us on in our task. Yes—there *was* one attempt at a slight smile—indeed, I might say that a real jolly laugh was on the point of breaking out on one occasion; but it was checked in its incipiency. It was during the performance of the "Hypocrite," Act V., where *Mawworm* mounts on a table behind a screen and gives an extemporaneous discourse, which on this particular occasion was interlarded with some local hits, which actually took effect upon one tall fellow standing in a corner near the stage. A premature "Ha! ha! h"—was just bursting out, when one of the deacons of the Presbyterian Church arose from a chair with great solemnity, and addressed the *quasi* disturber of the assembly thus: "Mr. Thompson, you must quit that or leave the meeting." Mr. Thompson "shut up."

"Old Jack Barnes," with his wife, and daughter Charlotte, came to play an engagement towards the end of the season, in Montgomery, opening in the "School for Scandal," in the first scene of the second act of which, a fat negro wench, being told to hold up Miss Barnes' train until she got to the wing, *followed that lady on the stage*, and remained there, holding up the train, during the ceremony of reception, which, under the circumstances, was an uproarious one—and reluctantly leaving, with a low curtsy, only when Sir Peter (Mr. Barnes) told her that her services were no longer required.

On one of "Yankee Hill's" nights, (with shame I confess it,) my name was associated with his in the committal of a horrid murder!—*Richard* and *Richmond* being the characters in which we perpetrated the dreadful deed.

Our prompter's name was Gay. He performed old men, personated marble statues, and danced comic hornpipes. On one occasion, the performances ending with "Don Juan," in which Gay enacted the part of the murdered governor on horseback, (a statue,) the audience demanded a *comic dance* before they would leave the house.

"What is to be done?" asked Gay, in a piteous tone, the perspiration bursting out through the Spanish whiting on his face. "It will take at least a quarter of an hour to prepare for a dance!"

"Not at all," replied I, promptly; "go on as you are."

"What!" said Gay, "go on for a comic dance dressed as a marble statue?"

"Yes—as the marble statue; it will be all the more comic,"—and up went the curtain.

The audience relished the dance hugely; and I must say that the marble statue, dancing to the tune of "a frog he would a-wooing go," *was* a most original and mirth-provoking affair.

During the engagement of the Barnes', we performed the farce of "Three Weeks after Marriage." It will be remembered that there is in this piece a matrimonial quarrel about a game of cards. A fellow in the pit had listened to the dispute with much interest until the end of the first act, when, just before the fall of the drop, *Sir Charles*, in reply to his lady's invitation to go to bed, exclaims—"I'll not go to bed with any woman who don't know what's trumps." The man in the pit got up in utter surprise, and said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the whole house—"Well, you're a cursed fool to quarrel about such a trifle! Blast me if *I* wouldn't confess to the diamond, and go to bed!" The drop scene again rose, and soon the newly married couple were engaged in their dispute about the game of whist, and to convince his wife of her error, *Sir*

Charles went up to the table and dealt out the cards. The man in the pit called out and asked "what's trumps?" Sir Charles just at that moment said "clubs!" and his lady "diamonds!" which appeared to be answers to his question; whereupon the auditor took up his hat and made for the door, exclaiming—"*I* shan't wait any longer; they've been quarrelling here for half an hour about clubs and diamonds—I don't see as there's any likelihood of their coming to an understanding, so I'll go; it's getting late." This speech elicited a round of applause from the pit. Turning as he was about passing through the opening into the passage, he addressed *Sir Charles* and *Lady Rackett*—"young people, you'd better make up that little difficulty and let the play go on—it's of mighty little consequence *what* was trumps; make it up and go to bed!" Then looking up at the audience, who were roaring with laughter, he made a low bow, and retired from sight, lit a cigar at a lamp in the passage, shook the door-keeper by the hand, and walked off.

Matthew Field, who afterwards became a good actor, and somewhat celebrated as a writer, (under his own name and that of *Phazma*,) made his first appearance on any stage in Montgomery as *Hemeya*, in the tragedy of the "Apostate," Mrs. A. Drake performing *Florinda*. The debut was a successful one; but the "last scene of all in *that* eventful tragedy" was rendered somewhat ludicrously. If the reader is not aware of the fact, I must inform him that Mrs. Drake is what we term a *heavy* actress—(how well I remember her a slim young girl in Albany, thirty-eight years ago!)—and Florinda dies and *falls* beside Hemeya at the close of the piece. Mat. Field had got through *his* troubles, and lay dead and stiff, congratulating himself on the success he had met with on his first attempt at acting, when he suddenly perceived that Mrs. D. was preparing for "a fall" in the immediate vicinity of his own resting place. I was watching Mrs. D.'s splendid death, and it must be confessed that poor Mat. did appear in considerable danger of being *fallen upon* by the poisoned Florinda. At first there were sundry twitchings of the arms and legs of the dead Hemeya, then as the body of the devoted Florinda was seen actually descending, a sudden spring of her lover's corpse placed it out of danger, and there they both lay, "faithful to each other even in death." When Mat. found that he was not crushed, it seemed to occur to him that it was not altogether proper or picturesque to turn his back to the lady; so he very deliberately *turned over*, and stretching forth his dead arms, encircled her with them in a loving embrace, the curtain falling on the picture.

Mary Vos (afterwards Mrs. Stewart) performed a few nights, "previous to her departure for the eastern cities." This excellent actress and estimable woman is still a great favorite in Mobile, where she has reared and educated two lovely daughters, who, if they essay the stage, are destined to make a sensation in the theatrical world.

The season and my "country management," ended on the 10th of June, 1835, with my benefit, which was very largely attended, notwithstanding the extremely hot weather; my Montgomery friends, without resorting to the humbug of a "complimentary," filling the house to its utmost capacity, and cheering me with their shouts and kindly greetings to the last.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GOING NORTH.

Starring in St. Louis and Cincinnati—Stage Coach traveling through Ohio—Postmaster General in disguise—New York and Philadelphia—Return to Alabama—End of the Journey-Work.

NEGOCIATIONS, pending for some months, had resulted in an arrangement which was to sink my managerial individuality in a "firm" destined to exist, as it now appears, for eighteen years, wielding an influence in theatrical matters unequalled in the States. In the following fall this arrangement was to go into operation at Mobile. In the interim, it was necessary that I should "go north" to pick up a company and engage stars. A glance at this northern trip must conclude my "Journey-Work."

Leaving my wife and children in a snug little cottage at Harrowgate Springs, near Wetumpka, I started on my northern journey, in company with Mr. J. M. Field, about the middle of June, passing through Mobile and New Orleans, joining in a celebration of the 4th of July on board the steamer "Warren" on the way, and arriving at St. LOUIS, where we had an engagement, early in July. Here I was welcomed in the good old-fashioned way, and had a good benefit.

Mr. Field opened in "Richard the Third," and was quite successful.

CINCINNATI was our next town. Mr. Field was well known here, and was warmly received, though there was some little talk to the effect that they liked his comedy better than his tragedy. His benefit was a very fine one. For myself, falsifying the saying that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country, the people seemed determined to shower honors "thick upon me;" and my benefit—it was a "crowder." Mr. Field and I here took different routes, he proceeding to Buffalo, where I believe he played, (afterwards filling an engagement at Baltimore,) while I went on to head-quarters—NEW YORK.

On my way, in company with several gentlemen of New Orleans, it happened that the stage in which we were passengers, stopped for supper at a small village, situated between the towns of Columbus and Zanesville, on the Cumberland road, in the State of Ohio.

There was a great gathering of militia captains, lieutenants, ensigns, sergeants, and corporals, with a considerable sprinkling of privates, all of whom had been exhibiting their patriotism during the day, by marching up and down the road, shouldering arms, carrying arms, presenting arms, and charging bayonets, preparatory to intended hostile operations against the neighboring State of Michigan, the authorities of which, and those of the State of Ohio, were at open war—almost—about *boundary*.

For the purpose of amusement, it had been agreed that the stage driver should be informed *confidentially*, that I was AMOS KENDALL, *Postmaster General of the United States*, travelling in disguise, and assuming the very common name of *Smith*, in order to discover abuses in the mail transportation department. With many mysterious hints, and under strict charges of secrecy, Jehu was made acquainted with the awful fact, that he was actually driving the important individual above named. The reins almost fell from his hands! "What, Mr. Kindle! *Amos* Kindle!" exclaimed the astonished driver—"it can't be possible?" "It *is* possible," answered the gentleman who was imparting the information, and who was enjoying a cigar and an outside seat; "and it is his wish to be entirely private, in order to avoid the attentions that would otherwise be lavished upon him." The driver promised the most inviolable secrecy, and on our arrival at the stopping place, after bowing me into the house with much ceremony, proceeded to curry down his horses.

We had not been long in the hotel, before it was plainly perceptible that *something* was going on; curious glances were thrown into the bar-room where we were sitting—militia officers flitted about and collected into groups—the landlord and his family began to spruce up; in brief, it was evident our secret had been confidentially imparted to half the village.

The first demonstration that was made, consisted of an invitation to my friends and myself to accept the use of a private parlor. This being at once agreed to, the landlord ventured to suggest that, if it was not disagreeable to me, my fellow-citizens of the village would like to pay their respects to me, and *take me by the hand.*

"No objections in the world," said I; "let the worthy citizens come in."

Then followed a scene of the richest kind of fun; but Dickens has described a similar adventure, and I pass on.

Supper was announced. I was placed at the head of the table—the richest viands and nicest kinds of preserved fruits were set in profusion before us. We feasted—and during the operation numerous female heads, or rather heads of females—were continually popping in at the windows and open doors, while the piazza was filled with boys of all sizes, who amused themselves by firing off Chinese crackers, sending up young rockets, and shouting "hurra for Jackson!—*and* his cabinet!"

Supper over, we retired to the bar, and demanded our bill of expenses. The landlord smilingly answered, that he was too happy to entertain us without compensation—he felt honored by my sitting at his board, and my friends were equally welcome. After much urging, *I* consented to receive his hospitality, since he *insisted* on it, but *my friends*, I would not consent that *they* should feast at his expense—oh, no! *They* must be allowed to pay for their splendid supper. Well, if I *insisted*, he *would* take pay from *them*—and he did.

"Could I say two or three words to you in private?" asked the landlord, in a low voice, as he walked by my side towards the coach, which was waiting.

"By all means," I replied; and he led me a little on one side, into a dark part of the piazza. After two or three hems! to clear his throat, the landlord commenced:

"Whatever *others* may think of you, sir, *I* consider you an *honest man*."

"Sir, I feel very much obliged by the favorable estimate you have formed of me."

"Yes, sir, let the opposition say what they please, *I* believe you to be a conscientious individual—*I* do."

"Well, sir, considering this is the first time we have ever met, I must say your liberality is extraordinary; but I thank you for your good opinion."

"Ah, sir, though we have never *met*, I know you well—we *all* know you for a most efficient officer, and a deserving man."

"It is true I am tolerably well known in the western and southern country, and as for my *efficiency*, I believe I do push ahead about as hard as a man conveniently can."

"That you do—all parties must acknowledge it. You have effected many improvements in your department."

"Yes, I flatter myself that in the *stage* department I have made some improvements."

"Your *removals* have met with general approval in this part of the country."

"Removals?—Oh, yes—I do travel a great deal."

"Yes, you do, and to some purpose. Now I wanted to speak to you about the postmaster here."

"Indeed! Well what of *him?*"

"Are you not aware that he is a whig?"

"No!—is he?"

"Yes, he is—and it is thought by the friends of the administration here, that *he* ought to be removed, and a good democrat appointed."

"What is the office worth?"

"About $500 a year."

"Who would be a proper person for the office?"

"Why, I couldn't exactly say—but if"—

"Would *you* accept the appointment?"

"Most willingly, if you should think me worthy."

"Well, I'll tell you what you'd better do. Write on to the department—state the matter as you've stated it to me, and perhaps"—

"If *you* would just make a memorandum it would be sufficient."

"My dear sir, don't depend on anything that passes between us *here*—*here* I am Sol. Smith, as you may see by the way-bill; but at Washington—you understand"—

"Yes, I understand. Then I'll write on to the department."

"Yes—write."

"Sir, I shall depend on your good offices."

"Sir, you may—your supper was excellent, your attentions shall not be forgotten—farewell—write on to the department, by all means."

The worthy aspirant to the postmastership of the village accompanied me to the coach, carefully turned up the steps when I had entered, and then joined his fellow-citizens in three loud cheers, with which our departure was honored.

My engagement at the Park Theatre, although I was wedged in between the nights of the WOODS, was moderately profitable to the management and myself. This engagement led to offers from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and many smaller towns, all of which, for want of time, I was compelled reluctantly to decline, except that from PHILADELPHIA, which I was enabled to accept, because I could perform alternate nights in that city and New York; which I did during a period of two weeks. My engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, closed on the 25th, and that at the Park Theatre, New York, on the 26th of September.

Embarking on the steamer "Columbia," I in due time arrived at CHARLESTON, S. C., and proceeded by railroad and stage, (three nights without sleep,) to MONTGOMERY. Taking my family on board the "Roanoke" at WETUMPKA, we were safely conveyed to MOBILE, where I superintended the preparations for commencing the greatest season ever made in that city.

This brings my narrative—sketchy and meagre as it is—down to the year 1835; and here I stop. Though constantly on the move ever since, and exercising no small influence on theatrical affairs in the great western valley, my "strolling," or "journey-work," as I have chosen to term it, terminated at this date. Doubtless an anecdotical sketch of my managerial experience in New Orleans, St. Louis and Mobile, during the past eighteen years, might possess some interest; but I feel no disposition, *at present*, even in my light and skimming way, to go over the scenes from which I have so lately emerged. The building and burning of many theatres; the engagement of numerous "stars;" the rise and progress of the drama in the south and west; the various attempts of individuals to become "managers," and their miserable failures; the "starring system," with its train of evil consequences to the profession; the attempts of "Histrionic Associations" to *teach* the art of acting; the humbuggery of newspaper puffing and newspaper abuse; the outrageous system of "free admissions" to theatres—all these subjects (with many others) claim and *may* receive my attention—BUT NOT NOW.

ANECDOTICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

GIVING ENTERTAINMENTS.

HARRY LANGTON was the theatrical name of a very honest, tolerably talented, and very eccentric fellow, who, for several years was attached to the stage in the south. He was a worthy individual—a useful member of a company of actors, and was beloved by every one who knew him; yet he was cursed with one failing—*he would drink!* Well, he is gone, now, and we will think only of his *good* qualities, which were numerous, and endeavor to amuse ourselves with his *eccentricities.*

I have elsewhere mentioned the fact, that being pushed for means whereby to live, he engaged himself to the keeper of a museum in Pittsburgh, where he stood up in a glass case for two mortal hours as the *wax figure of Gen. Jackson!* I intend, in this sketch, to give some other instances of his versatility of talent, by the exercise of which he overcame temporary pecuniary difficulties.

Harry Langton never let an opportunity slip of *giving an entertainment* where there was the least chance of success. Sometimes, indeed, I have known him to propose "trying it on," at places where the chance of profit was anything but flattering. Traveling in a stage coach, he was always looking out for eligible villages for his purpose, and I recollect that on one occasion, he seriously proposed to issue bills for an "*entertainment*" at a place where we stopped to water the horses, though nothing in the shape of a dwelling could be seen, except a shanty of a stable!

"Why, Harry," one asked, "where do you expect your audience to come from?"

"Oh!" was his ready reply, "there are plenty of people hereabouts, *somewhere*, I'm certain, for I've seen lots of cattle as we came along, and they've got owners, be sure on't: let us put out some bills and "try it on!"

In two instances it has been *my* fate to *assist*, (much against my will,) in poor Langton's entertainments.

In the fall of 1830, the boat which conveyed the New Orleans company, on its way from Nashville to its winter destination, stopped a few hours at the then inconsiderable village of Vicksburgh. Langton was on the look-out, of course, and after taking a view of the town, came in, rubbing his hands, and with his face flushed with hope—

"Sol.," said he, "here's a glorious chance for an entertainment! Theatre can be had—people all anxious; if the boat would only wait"—

"But the boat *won't* wait," I replied, "the captain has just told me he starts in half an hour, positively."

"I think he might be induced," persisted Langton. "It is now four o'clock—we can have the town billed in an hour, and we can put a hundred dollars in our pockets just as easy as nothing. What do you say to trying it on?"

"What do *I* say? I say it's all nonsense, even if the boat would wait; you could not get twenty people to the theatre at such short notice; besides, you are an entire stranger here—nobody has ever heard of you."

"That's very true," he answered, nodding his head knowingly, "but they all know *you*—*you* have acted here."

"To be sure I have," I answered, "but you don't expect *me* to make a fool of myself in your proposed entertainment?"

"Make a fool of yourself?—not at all; but I expect you to make *fifty dollars!* Come, old fellow," he continued, beseechingly, "give us a lift—there are four of us going into the speculation, and we propose to give you half the receipts, if you will but permit your *name* to be used, and sing three songs."

"My dear fellow," I remonstrated, "I can't think of it—besides, the captain won't wait, and, moreover, my wardrobe is at the bottom of the hold, and cannot be got at. Your offer is very tempting, certainly, [half the receipts!—Macready's terms!] but put this entertainment out of your head."

"The captain *will* wait, and has already *promised* to wait, till ten o'clock; so it all depends on *you*. As for wardrobe, I'll lend you a red wig and a pair of striped stockings. Come, old fellow, if *you* don't want to make a little money, *we* do; and it all depends on you whether we are enabled to do it or not."

After some further holding back on my part, and considerably more urging on that of Langton, I consented to sing two songs, provided sufficient notice could be given to the inhabitants that the entertainment would take place.

"Leave the *notice* entirely to me," said Langton, as he vanished over the plank, and up into town through the mud.

Langton "won my slow consent" about sundown. I had hopes that when he found the difficulty of lighting the house, and giving notice to the citizens, he would give up the project altogether. Not so—Langton was not the man to be staggered by slight difficulties—the entertainment must be given—doors open at 7—curtain to rise at half-past, and "no postponement on account of the weather."

After tea, without much devotion to the deed, I assure you—putting a wig and a pair of comic stockings in my pocket, I trudged off towards the theatre. On my way, (in the dark,) a negro bellman, who was the town crier, stopped at a corner as I was passing, and after shaking his bell for nearly a minute, put me out of all doubt in regard to the "notice" which was to be given of the proposed entertainment by promulgating, in a loud voice, the following proclamation:

"Oh yes! Oh yes! *Oh* yes! Everybody take particular notice hereby, dat *Ole Sol* has come back to dis here burg, on his way to New Orleans, and moreover will exhibit hisself dis night at de the-*a*-tur as large as life! So dis is to certify dat you must all come and see him by particular desire for dis night only! Oh yes! Oh yes! *Oh* yes!"

I felt willing, at that moment, to sink into the mud, even further than I *had* sunk, while listening to this proclamation, provided I could have availed myself of such an *accident*, as an excuse for not "exhibitin'" myself pursuant to notice. However, I was "in for it" in more senses than one. I was engaged, and on starring terms! So I waded to the theatre, where I found Langton and his associates lighting candles, selling tickets, and sweeping off the stage, preparatory to the grand entertainment. The house was tolerably well filled. "Sylvester Daggerwood" was the drama performed on this memorable occasion; two songs by your humble servant, and some recitations by the "rest of the company," completed the programme, and I returned to the boat, *declining to take my share of the proceeds*, and made a solemn determination never to be coaxed into such a scrape again.

"But who shall control his fate?"

I *was* again seduced to do the very same thing on another occasion, and by the self same Langton.

It was at the little town of Benton, on the Alabama river, in 1832, that Langton saw a fine opportunity for giving an entertainment. (We were again traveling together.) The seducing villain made use of the very same arguments he had urged so successfully at Vicksburg; the boat would wait—the people were *so* anxious to see *me!*—such a crowd would be in attendance—fifty dollars, at least, he would be able to put into his pocket, and he was so in *need* of money—he was sure I couldn't have the heart to prevent his making such a handsome sum. I consented.

The room selected for the "entertainment" was exactly fourteen feet square. It was filled to overflowing, and we were obliged to give our songs and recitations on a table, set outside of a window!

The only remarkable part of this performance was this: Langton gave the *comic* recitations and songs, while I gave the *tragic* recitations and *sentimental* songs!

By this queer entertainment, given through a window, Langton cleared over $40.

Poor Langton! He went to Texas in the beginning of the war of independence, and I have never seen him since.

In his last letter to me, giving a portion of his travel's history, he began by expressing his belief that I would find no difficulty in calling him to my remembrance—shall I ever *forget* him?—said he had just returned from giving an entertainment in one of the Camanche villages, on the northern frontier, where he narrowly escaped scalpation; and concluded with the following sentence:

"Sol., if you'll come to Texas, we'll make our fortunes—glorious chances here for giving entertainments—come out!"

BREAKING A BANK.

Captain Summons is a very clever fellow—and the "Dr. Franklin" was a very superb boat, albeit inclined to rock about a good deal, and nearly turn over on her side when visited by a breath of air in the least resembling a gale. Capt. Summons is a clever fellow. All steamboat captains are clever fellows—or *nearly* all; but what I mean to say is, Capt. Summons is a *particularly* clever fellow!—a clever fellow in the widest sense of the term—a fellow that is clever in every way—anxious that his passengers shall be comfortably bestowed, well fed and well attended to—and *determined* that they shall amuse themselves "just as they d—n please," as the saying is. If he happens to have preachers on board, he puts on a serious countenance of a Sunday morning—consents that there shall be preaching—orders the chairs to be set out, and provides bibles and hymn-books for the occasion—himself and officers, whose watch is below, taking front seats and listening attentively to the discourse. Likely as not, at the close of the service, he will ask the reverend gentleman who has been officiating, with his back in close proximity to a hot fire in a Franklin furnace, to accompany him to the bar and join him in some refreshments! If there are passengers on board who prefer to pass the time away in playing poker, eucre, brag or whist, tables and chairs are ready for *them*, too—poker, brag, eucre and whist be it! All sorts of passengers are accommodated on the Dr. Franklin—the rights of none are suffered to be infringed;—all are free to follow such employments as shall please themselves. A *dance* in the evening is a very common occurrence on this boat, and when cotillions are *on the carpet*, the captain is sure to be *thar*.

It sometimes happens that, at the commencement of a voyage, it is found somewhat difficult to reconcile *all* the passengers to the system of Capt. Summons, which is founded on the broad principle of equal rights to all. On the occasion of my voyage in the "Doctor," in December, 1844, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of passengers who were *entire strangers* to me—a very rare occurrence to one who travels so often on the western rivers as I do. I wished my absence from New Orleans to be as brief as possible, and the "Doctor" was the fastest boat in port at the time of my leaving the Crescent City; so I resolved to secure a berth in her, and trust in luck to find a St. Louis boat at the Mouth.

I don't know how it is, or *why* it is, but by strangers I am almost always taken for a PREACHER. It was soon this voyage. There were two Methodist *circuit* riders on board; and it happened that we got acquainted, and were a good deal together—from which circumstance I was supposed to be *one of them;* which supposition was the means of bringing me into an acquaintance with the lady passengers, who, for the most part, were very pious, religiously inclined souls. We had preaching every day, and sometimes at night; and I must say, in justice to brothers Twitchel and Switchell, that their sermons were highly edifying and instructive.

In the meantime a portion of the passengers "at the other end of the hall" continued to play sundry games with cards, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the worthy followers of Wesley, who frequently requested the captain to interfere and break up such unholy doings. The captain had but one answer—it was something like this; "Gentle*men,* amuse yourselves as you like; preach and pray to your hearts' content —none shall interfere with your pious purposes; some like that sort of thing—*I* have no objection to it

These men prefer to amuse themselves with cards; let them—they pay their passage as well as you, gentlemen, and have as much right to *their* amusements as you have to *yours*, and they shall not be disturbed. Preach, play cards, dance cotillions—do what you like, *I* am agreeable; only understand, that *all games*, (preaching among the rest) *must cease at* 10 *o'clock.*" So *we* preachers got very little comfort from Captain Summons.

Up, up, up, up we went. Christmas Day arrived. All the *other* preachers had holden forth on divers occasions, and it being ascertained that it was my intention to leave the boat on her arrival at Cairo, a formal request was preferred, that *I should preach the Christmas sermon!* The LADIES, (God bless them all!) were *very* urgent in their applications to me. "Oh *do*, brother Smith! we want to hear *you* preach! All the others have contributed their share to our spiritual comfort—you *must* oblige us—indeed you must." I endeavored to excuse myself the best way I could, alleging the necessity of my leaving the boat in less than an hour—my baggage was not ready—I had a terrible cold, and many other good and substantial reasons were given; but all in vain—preach I must. "Well," thinks I, "if I must, I must." At this crisis, casting my eyes down towards the Social Hall, and seeing an unusual crowd assembled around a table, I asked one of the brethren what might be going on down there? The fattest of the preaching gentlemen replied—"The poor miserable sinners have filled the measure of their iniquity by opening a FARO BANK!" "Horrible! exclaimed I, holding up my hands—and "horrible!" echoed the ladies and missionaries in full chorus. "Cannot such doings be put a stop to?" asked an elderly lady, addressing the pious travellers. "I fear not," groaned my methodist contemporary, (the fat one.) "We have been trying to convince the captain that some dreadful accident will inevitably befall the boat, if such proceedings are permitted—and what do you think he answered?" "What?" we all asked, of course—"Why, he just said, that, inasmuch as he permitted *us* to preach and pray, he should let other passengers dance and play, if they chose to do so; and that if I didn't like the "proceedings" I complained of, *I might leave the boat?* Yes—he did; and, moreover, he mentioned that it was 11 o'clock, and asked me if, I wouldn't 'liquor!'" This announcement of the captain's stubbornness and impiety was met with a general groan of pity and sorrow, and we resumed the conversation respecting the unhallowed faro bank. "It is much to be regretted," remarked the elderly lady who had spoken before, "that *something* can't be done—Brother Smith," she continued, appealing directly to me, and laying her forefinger impressively upon my arm, "cannot *you* break up that bank?" "Dear Madam," I answered, "you know not the difficulty of the task you impose upon me,—FARO BANKS ARE NOT SO EASILY BROKEN UP as you may imagine; however, as you all appear so anxious about it, if you'll excuse me from the sermon, I'll see what can be done." "Ah! that's a dear soul!"—"I knew he would try"—"he'll be sure to succeed!"—"our prayers shall not be wanting!" Such were the exclamations that greeted me as I moved off towards the faro bank. Elbowing my way into the crowd, I got near the table in front of the dealer, and was for a time completely concealed from the view of my pious friends near the door of the ladies' cabin. I found the bank was a small affair. The betters were risking trifling sums, ranging from six to twenty-five cents.

"Mr. Dealer," I remarked, "I have come to break up this bank." "The deuce you have!" replied the banker—"let's see you do it." "What amount have you in bank?" I inquired. "Eleven dollars," was his answer. "What is your limit?" asked I. "A dollar," he replied. "Very well," said I, placing a ragged Indiana dollar behind the Queen—"turn on." He turned and the King won for me. I took the two dollars up and let him make another turn, when I replaced the bet, and the Queen came up in my favor—I had now four dollars, which I placed in the square, taking in the 5, 6, 7 and 8—and it won again! Here were seven dollars of the banker's money. I pocketed three of them, and bet four dollars behind the Queen again—the Jack won, and the BANK WAS BROKEN! The crowd dispersed in all directions, laughing at the breaking up of the petty bank, and I made my way towards the ladies' cabin, where my new friends were anxiously awaiting the result of my bold attempt. "Well, well, well," they all exclaimed—"What success?—have you done it? Do let us hear all about it!" I wiped the perspiration from my brow, and putting on a very serious face, I said solemnly: "I HAVE BROKEN THAT BANK!" "You have?" they all exclaimed.—"Yes, I'll be d—d if he hasn't!" muttered the disappointed gamester, the keeper of the late bank, who was just going into his state-room. In the midst of the congratulations which were showered upon me, I received a *summons* from the captain to come forward with my baggage—we were at Cairo.

A HOG STORY.

THERE are extant any number of dog, horse, cat, rat, and fish stories. I am going to write a HOG STORY. It may not interest the reader, but, I assure you, the circumstance on which it is founded interested *me* for a whole month, and even *now*, whenever the recollection of it crosses my memory, feelings of remorse punish me considerably.

Reader, have you ever traveled through that beautiful tract of country, situated around, about, and between the small lakes in York State? If you have not, you have seen nothing. Ask Mr. Knickerbocker Clarke if there is such a country in the world! Ask *him* if the valleys and hills through which run the Housatonic, the Otselic, Trout Creek, and the Chittingo, have their equals in Italy or Switzerland. Ask *him* if——but "there's no use talking." I was born up about there, and of course I am partial to those diggins. I can't help it. But to my story.

On the Cayuga lake, east side, stands a beautiful village, which is happy in the name of Aurora. One mile north of that lovely village lived, in 1817, a substantial farmer named Stott. With this Stott, a most worthy man, the writer of this engaged to work in the harvest field *one month* for six bushels of wheat; each bushel of wheat was estimated to be worth one dollar—so that I had six dollars in prospect at the end of the month; and with those six dollars, added to five I had in my pocket, I intended to journey to the great West, *then* a great distance off.

I went to work like a good fellow, mowing and raking hay, binding up wheat, and making myself useful in various ways—happy all the time, and joyous as the fish that sported in the smooth and clear lake in which we harvesters bathed every evening after sunset; delighted with the prospect of a rich reward for my labor, and dreaming of the "Far West," the goal of my hopes and wishes, (then situated about Pittsburg—*now*, away off to and over the Rocky Mountains!) and glorying in the thought, that I, a boy of sixteen, would be the pioneer of the great Smith family in the western regions.

All went on smoothly. One day, as I was pitching bundle by bundle, a load of wheat into the mow, I saw enter the barn, rooting and grunting along, a very large, fat, lazy, long-eared sow. I can't to this day account for the devilish feeling which induced, me without a thought, to throw the pitchfork into this unoffending old creature; but I DID IT!—*instantly* did it. The handle was scarcely out of my hand before I repented of the deed; and in less than three minutes I was wondering what could have prompted me to such an act. Ah! many—very many hours, in the stillness of night, did I lie upon a sleepless couch and ruminate upon my crime. Bitter tears of repentance trickled down my youthful cheeks. Sinner that I was! What had the poor beast done to deserve such a fate?

The poor, surprised sow gave a horrible squeal, (I hear it *now!*) and ran with all her might out of the barn and out of the yard—the pitchfork still sticking in her quivering pork. The instrument of torture was afterwards found about three hundred yards from the place where the fatal deed was committed; but the old sow—the unoffending, innocent old sow—had disappeared in the thick undergrowth of a neighbouring wood and had doubtless ended her days in solitude, with no pitying relative near to close her eyes, or render the last sad offices to the dying innocent.

As for me, the perpetrator of the horrid crime, what a month did I pass? My mind was tortured with horrible images of ghastly hogs bristling up before me. The poor old murdered sow actually *appeared* before my half waking and half closed eyes, dressed in a shroud, walking on her hinder legs, shaking her right paw into my face, and pointing with her left, with a "most piteous action," to two bleeding pitchfork wounds in her ribs! In vain I tried to shake off these fantasies; the more I shook, the more they wouldn't go. I was miserable—I was a murderer—I had committed *sow*icide!

As a compensation to the farmer, I had made over to him the proceeds of my six bushels of wheat, but *that* did not ease my mind in the least. I had done a deed which a thousand bushels of wheat could not atone for. The phantom sow, with the winding sheet trailing after her, as she stalked around my bed in the garret, drove sleep away from my pillow, and deprived me of all chance of rest. I grew weary of life. I didn't care any more about travelling west. The idea frequently crossed my mind of sacrificing myself to the manes of the poor feminine hog.

My month was up.

Two Quakers came along and inquired for seed wheat. I offered them my six bushels, and they purchased it, at a dollar and a quarter a bushel. I listlessly received the money, and passed it over to the honest farmer in payment for the murdered sow, and was just bidding farewell to my kind employer and his family when a little urchin came running in, screaming with all his might—

"Oh, daddy! daddy! just come out here and see something! If here isn't our dead sow coming up the lane!"

Horror-stricken, I huddled on my pack with the utmost speed, and prepared to depart, dreading to meet the spectre which I doubted not was coming to upbraid me for my brutal butchery! I started off at full speed towards the gate, when—can I express my joy at the sight which met my view?—there was the veritable sow that I had for a month mourned as dead, alive and rooting!—somewhat thinner than when I pitchforked her, but apparently enjoying remarkably good health; and by her side marched sixteen clean, elegant little offspring, joyously grunting as they capered along up the lane. Oh what delight I experienced at this sight! A millstone had been taken from my neck—I was not a murderer—I was free from crime! I could have hugged that veritable old hog—I could!—and I believe I *did* kiss half-a-dozen of the pigs. I was completely happy.

Farmer Stott insisted that, inasmuch as I had *paid* for the supposed defunct sow, she belonged to me, and that I was also proprietor of her progeny—the whole being worth, at the lowest rate of hog's flesh, at least twelve dollars. I utterly refused to receive anything more than the price I had paid for the elder animal.

Happy in the contemplation of the swinish family group, composed of the mother lying on her side, and furnishing an early breakfast to her sixteen young 'uns, I passed out at the gate, and wended my way westward.

DON LUDLOW HEMIT IN HAVANA.

To ensure a proper understanding of this sketch, it is necessary to explain that the uncommon name of "Smith" is pronounced by the Spaniards, "Hemit." Bills posted at the corners of the streets in Havana, during the winter of 1842, announced, in good Spanish, that "los Cirque Olympic Americano," under the management of Ludlow and Smith, would open on such a night, by permission of the Captain General of Cuba, &c., &c. It fell to my lot, (Ludlow and I drew lots for the chance of the journey,) to go over to the Spanish Island as "Impressario" of a circus company, consisting of Levi North, *Otto Motty*, Young Juan Hernandez, John Robinson, Eaton Stone, Dennis ditto, and about twenty others of less note, together with a host of grooms, and something like forty horses. Instead of realizing a profit of $10,000, as we expected, we were obliged to submit to a loss of about $6,000. But that is all over, and it is not my intention to dwell upon a subject so disagreeable to remember.

After the usual difficulties of custom-house inspections and examinations, we effected a landing—"horse, foot and dragoons." In transacting business with the commercial house to whom we were consigned, I found that the firm of Ludlow and Smith had become embodied in my individual self, under the title of DON LUDLOW HEMIT, in which style I was addressed, while on the Island, by all who had occasion to transact business with the concern.

The first thing that strikes an American on arriving at Havana, is the great difference betwixt a free and a despotic government. It appears a little strange to a republican to meet a soldier under arms and on duty at every corner and at every crossing. If you visit a theatre, you see one of these interesting gentlemen stationed at the entrance of each box! They are quite inoffensive, however, and in a day or two they cease to annoy you; you pass them as you would so many posts.

The grand entrances of the private dwellings in the city serve for the ingress and egress of ladies, gentlemen, servants, horses and carriages! One morning while a large party were at breakfast in our boarding house, a splendid stud horse was brought in by a groom, and paraded around the table, for the inspection of Col. Harney, who wished to purchase an animal of the kind.

It is the duty of the keepers of boarding houses and taverns to report to the government every person they entertain and lodge each night; and they are accountable to the treasury of Queen Isabel the second, for the sum of fifty-two dollars for every one that dies in their houses. Whenever a foreigner leaves the Island he is obliged to obtain a certificate from the *dead office* that he is alive, another from the custom-house that he is clear of *its* books, and yet another from the Captain of Partida, (I think that is his title,) *that he owes no debts!*

On the opening night of the "Cirque Olympique," a company of twenty soldiers under the command of a sergeant, marched up to the box-office, and reported to *Don Ludlow Hemit* that they came by command of the alcalde of the quarter to preserve order in the house, and to guard the box of the governor; for which service the sergeant intimated, through an interpreter, that he expected a *gratification* from Don Hemit. In reply, I directed the interpreter to say to the sergeant that there was no occasion for his or his soldiers' services; and that if the governor's box required guarding they were welcome to guard it, *but not at my expense;* and that so far from *gratifying* them, (which the reader ought to be informed meant making them a present of *an ounce* of gold,) it would afford me, Don Ludlow Hemit, a great *gratification* if they would march back to their quarters, and keep out of my sight for the remainder of their natural lives. The worthy sergeant touched his cap with the back of his hand by way of salute, wheeled his command to the right about, and marched off. After the departure of the soldiery, two *ministers* presented themselves, and demanded a gratification of a quarter of an ounce each for sitting each side of the alcalde's box; and this imposition I was obliged to submit to every night of performance.

Our contract with *Otto Motty*, the man that plays with cannon balls, was to the effect that he was to perform four weeks in the Island of Cuba, and receive for his services $1,000. At the end of our second week, I found that it would be policy to cut off the last week of our season, and by that means *save* about $1,500. As a compromise with Motty, I proposed to pay him $750 for the three-foruths of the time agreed on, and $250 on our return to New Orleans, where he should perform the other week. *This he agreed to*—but after all arrangements were made to close up the disasterous season, and leave the Island in the steam packet, he concluded to act the rascal, and demand the full amount of his bond. He accordingly filed his claim of $500 with the proper authorities, and the passport of Don Ludlow Hemit was stopped! Here was a dilemma. I had procured, (by the help of sundry ounces of gold,) passports for the whole company and stud of horses—but Don Ludlow Hemit was ordered not to depart the Island until the demand of the thrower of the cannon balls was fully satisfied! It was the night previous to the day of our intended departure that the decree of the governor was communicated to me. What could I do? Obtaining a hearing of the case was out of the question, it appeared; and even if the matter *could* be brought to adjudication, I had no proof of the compromise I had made with the Dutch Jew—the evidence of my son and clerk (who heard the new agreement) being excluded by the Spanish law; while he had our original contract which called for the fulfillment of its provisions *in Cuba*. At last, after much reflection, it occurred to me that if I should bring a suit against *him*, I could at least obtain an immediate *hearing* of the case, and possibly I might so *mix matters up* before the alcalde that the judgment might work a release of the prohibition to quit the Island. I sought out a *minister*, and placing half an ounce of gold in his hand, desired him to arrest Otto Motty at the suit of Don Ludlo Hemit, for breach of contract, &c. In about a quarter of an hour the defendant was in the presence of the alcalde, whose attendance at that late hour was secured by means of *an ounce*, sent into his private room by the *minister* whose services I had secured as above stated, and the trial began. And oh! *such* a trial!—the lawyers, parties and spectators all kept their seats while they made their statements. Otto Motty insisted upon his bond, and demanded $500 of Ludlow Hemit—(he had received $500, and there was really $250 due)—while I demanded that he should go to New Orleans and perform a week before he should be entitled to the full amount which we had agreed to pay him. We sat and jabbered there about an hour, when looking up I discovered that *the alcalde had left the room!* My friendly minister informed me, on inquiry, that the worthy magistrate had gone to supper. Quietly slipping *an ounce* into the minister's hand, I desired that disinterested functionary to pass it in to the alcalde, with my compliments, and ask him if he was ready to decide the case. The minister returned almost immediately, and reported that the alcalde had *decided* that we must *arbitrate* the matter in dispute, on these conditions: Don Ludlow Hemit could not compel Otto Motty to leave the Spanish dominions, and Otty Motty could not compel Don Ludlow Hemit to pay him for services which he had not rendered. The clerk instantly recorded this decision, or whatever it may be called, and I was informed that by paying $250 into the court, I should satisfy the judgment, and be entitled to my passport. "Here is the money," said I, in high spirits at the result. "I shall not take it," indignantly replied old Motty, "I shall have my tousand dollars." "No you won't, old fellow," said I, "here is the decree of court." "But," pleaded the Dutchman, "I will go with you to Orleans and play the other week, as you proposed and get the other $250." "Oh, no," was my answer; "the judgment of this court is final, here is your money; take it and be thankful." A question here arose about the *costs*. The clerk and ministers said Don Ludlow Hemit must pay them, as the judgment was against him. I turned to Otto Motty and said: "*You* must pay these costs." Of course he declined; so I called to my minister to bring me a fee bill, which I found amounted to just two ounces, ($32). I then asked for a bit of paper, and wrote as follows:

OTTO MOTTY—

To Ludlow Hemit, Dr.

For transporting cannon balls from ship to the Cirque Olympic, and thence to the Plaza de Toros, several times, $32 00

Handing this to the minister, I told him to arrest Mr. Motty, and *stop his passports*. In a moment the man of cannon balls saw the predicament he was in, and *agreed to pay the bill without further question.*

Next day at five o'clock, P. M., all things were on board the good steamer Alabama, and we were ready for a start. Just as I was stepping on board the small craft which was to carry us to the ship, Otto Motty was seen hurrying down past the custom-house, with a cigar in his mouth, and his passport, which he had with great difficulty obtained, in his hand. He spoke to some one of our party and observed that he had feared being too late. "To late for *what?*" I inquired. "Too late for the steamboat," he answered. I here commenced whispering with the circus people, pointing occasionally to Otto Motty, who was in a small boat alongside of us during our row out into the harbor. We entered the steamer at the same time, and Robinson, (the equestrian manager,) took Otto Motty mysteriously aside and whispered in his ear—"Beware!" The same warning was whispered by other members of the equestrian corps, in various tones. Otto Motty at last ventured to inquire of one what he was to "beware" of? He was then gradually let into the secret that it was the intention of Ludlow Hemit to throw him overboard during the voyage, with his cannon balls attached to his feet as sinkers! At first he was incredulous, but all the circus people assuring him in the most solemn manner that there was no mistake about it, he at length determined that he would not risk his life in the same ship with me. The last I saw of him, he and his cannon balls were in a small boat making their way towards the shore, while we were in our magnificent steamer, leaving the beautiful and unequalled harbor of Havana, and passing the frowning Moro castle.

Arrived at New Orleans, I shaved of my whiskers and mustachios of a month's growth, and abjured forever the cognomen of Don Ludlow Hemit.

WHO'S AT THE WHEEL?

Western men will remember the *Vandalia,* which was for many years a popular and profitable freight and passenger boat on the Mississippi, and which only ceased running in 1842 or '43. She was an "eight-day boat," and before the introduction of the Scotts, Whites, Missouris, Shotwells and Eclipses, was set down as a "fast running" vessel, being rated at our insurance offices, A. No. 1.

The incidents I am about to relate occurred in the summer of '40.

The river was low, and it was not thought advisable to "run nights"—at any rate until we got below Memphis.

There was considerable sickness among the deck passengers, and *as I was the only physician on board,* my time was much occupied in weighing out grains and scruples of calomel, jalap and ipecacuanha from the medicine chest. This I got along with very well, having a faithful assistant in the clerk, Thompson, who went the rounds with me, and took particular care that my prescriptions were attended to.

One evening the steward came to my state-room and said Capt. D—— desired to speak with me.

"What!" I exclaimed, more than half asleep—for truth to say I was snatching an afternoon's nap, to make up for the loss of rest caused by my professional attendance on the lower deck—"is the captain taken sick?—well, bring me the medicine chest—how was he taken?—fever? Tell Thompson to give him the usual dose of ipecac, to clear out his stomach, and I'll be with him before it operates."

"You are mistaken, doctor"—(they all called me so during this voyage)—"the captain is not sick; he wants to see you on particular business."

"Oh, that's a different matter—ask the captain to come to my state-room."

Away went the steward, and soon after the captain made his appearance. After the usual inquiries by me of "how do we get on?" and "how far have we run to-day?" and an apology from him for disturbing me, the worthy captain opened the business of the evening.

"I fear our first pilot's in a bad way—nothing will stay on his stomach," remarked Capt. D——, taking a chair, and stretching out his legs in the easy way that captains of steamboats will—"can't you do anything for him?" he asked.

"I fear not," was my answer; "I have tried everything in the medicine chest—there is no hope whatever of his being able to take his post at the wheel during *this* voyage; soon as we arrive at New Orleans he had better go to Stone's hospital—a month's care in that excellent institution will probably restore him."

"This is very unlucky," grumbled the captain, "I wanted to 'run nights' after to-night, and the second pilot cannot stand double watches—what's to be done?"

I quietly told him I didn't know *what* was to be done, and supposed the *business* was over; but Capt. D—— lingered, gave two or three "h-hems," spat violently through the state room door and over the guards, changed his position several times, and at length continued the conversation.

"Mr. Sol., I understand that during your life you've turned your hand to 'most everything."

"Well, I have"—

"I have heard of your merchandising, your preaching, your acting, and your *doctoring*—did you ever try your hand at PILOTING?"

"Piloting? Never—unless occasionally lending a hand at steering a flat boat may be considered piloting."

The captain looked somewhat disappointed when he received my answer, and rose to depart.

"What is it you want?" I asked.

Looking up in my face, he said, "I want a pilot; we can't run nights with *one*—Jim being down with the fever, and there being no hope of getting him up, I thought if you"—

"Am I to understand you that failing to get Jim on his legs, you wish *me* to stand watch as pilot?"

"Why, if you *would*—Thompson says you *can* if you will."

"But what would the insurance companies say in case of accident?" I inquired.

"That's the point," answered the captain—"I wanted you to take Jim's place at the wheel, and *assume his character* at the same time! If you will do this, we shall save at least forty-eight hours between this and Orleans."

I pondered a moment, and then asked when he wished me to assume my new duties?

"At the commencement of the dog watch—six, P. M., to-morrow," he answered.

"Enough said—I'LL DO IT! Consider me engaged, and be so good as to send Thompson to me."

The captain departed, rejoiced at my ready acquiescence, and that same evening a report went through the boat that Jim was much better, and would be able to resume his post at the wheel very shortly. Thompson came to me, and I arranged with him to give our patients a farewell dose all round, and pronounce them cured.

Next evening, I visited the pilot's state room, and just before six o'clock the tall figure of Jim was seen (or was *supposed* to be seen) enveloped in his great coat, a large hat pulled over his eyes, and a bandanna tied around his neck, coat collar and all, stalking up to the wheel-house. A supposed sore throat, the effects of salivation, was a sufficient reason for the pilot's taciturnity during the remainder of the voyage.

In my character of doctor, I had had some difficult duties to perform; as an actor and manager, my path had not always been strewn with roses; as a preacher, I had perspired "a few;" and as a lawyer, some *hard cases* had come under my superintendence; but this PILOTING was by far the most difficult job I had ever undertaken! It was observable that while passing over "bad places," *Capt. D—— was always in the pilot house*, which was somewhat strange, as Jim was known to be one of the most careful and competent pilots on the Mississippi; but this was accounted for in the fact that the captain was young at the business, and *wanted to learn the river.*

We arrived without accident at New Orleans—and I do assure you I felt much relieved, *myself*—though, as a faithful physician, I felt it to be my duty to recommend that poor Jim, *being much worse, from his constant attention to his duties at the wheel,* should be sent to Dr. Stone's hospital for a month. I am happy to say that Jim recovered, and was ready to resume his post in the wheel-house on the very next trip of the Vandalia. He never meets me without calling out, "Sol., WHO'S AT THE WHEEL?"

A LAPSE OF TWENTY YEARS.

THE elderly and middle-aged residents of St. Louis all remember the old theatre on Second street, between Olive and Locust streets, commonly known as the *Salt House.* The "temple" was somewhat limited in size, of a surety; but it was generally well filled with well-satisfied audiences—and I have always contended that a small theatre, FULL, was far preferable to a large one half empty. No matter for that—it is all aside from the purpose of my story, which is intended to record one of the most singular coincidences I have ever known.

In the summer of 1827, the company of which I was then a member, performed with great success a new drama entitled the "Gambler's Fate, or A LAPSE OF TWENTY YEARS." It took well with the St. Louisans, and was oftentimes repeated.

On one occasion, when this thrilling drama was announced, two young men, just enlisted for a trip to the mountains in the Fur Company's service, attended the theatre to witness the performance. At the end of the first act, they got impatient at the length of time the curtain was suffered to remain down, and concluded to go out and *take a drink.* Another drink followed, and then another.

"Come, Jim," said one, "let's return to the theatre; the curtain must be up by this time."

"No," replied the other, "look here—just read that bill, will you?—*Between the 1st and 2d acts twenty years are supposed to elapse.*"

"Thunder and gunpowder!" exclaimed Joe, the liquor beginning to assert its power—"who's gwine to wait twenty years? Let's go back to the Green Tree Tavern and retire to our virtuous beds, for to-morrow we start for the mountains."

"Agreed," says Jim, and off they went. They slept off the effects of the "drink," and next day the party to which they belonged moved westward.

* * * *

[A LAPSE OF TWENTY YEARS.]

* * * *

1847. Two middle aged individuals are seen reading a large poster at the "Green Tree." Rough looking customers they are, and look toil-worn and browned by the weather, but hardy and honest. They are our old friends, who, twenty years ago, went to see the Gambler's Fate, and retired at the end of the first act. Singularly enough, there is the same play announced! "The *Gambler's Fate*, or A Lapse of Twenty Years."

Our trappers agree at once to go and *see the rest on't.*

They make their way up Second street until they come to about the spot where the theatre stood, and then inquire of a passer-by for directions, which are speedily given, and in a few minutes they find themselves in the vestibule of the theatre on Third street.

"Hollo! old feller," says Joe, addressing the ticket seller through a hole—"they play the 'Gambler's Fate' here to-night, don't they?"

"Well, they don't play anything else," was the polite reply of the gentlemanly treasurer.

"All right, old feller," replied Joe; "I don't want to *see* anything else; though I believe you advertise a farce with it. Is the first act over?"

"I believe it is," answered the clerk.

"All right again—we only want to see the second act; we saw the other some time ago. What's the price of tickets *now*?"

"The same as a while ago—seventy-five cents."

"What, *now*—and one act over?"

"Exactly—one act over?"

"But," expostulated Joe, who did all the talking, while Jim stood a little back and chewed tobacco, "we've paid *once before* for seeing this piece, and only stayed for the first act."

"Can't help that, my friend," replies the imperturbable ticket seller; "we have but one price."

"Well, hand out two tickets for up stairs." The tickets were handed out, the money being first handed *in*, and the two trappers entered the house. In a few minutes the curtain was raised, and the mountaineers finished seeing the "Gambler's Fate," the first act of which they had seen twenty years before, in the same city, though not in the same theatre, and with only one person in the cast who had played in it on the previous occasion. In effect, our *voyageurs* witnessed this play with a "real lapse" of twenty years between the acts.

AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

THERE is a class of individuals who claim to *know everybody.* Actors particularly, and particularly *great* actors, are their most familiar companions. *Macready*, *Forrest* and *Booth* are their most valued professional friends—they have known them *so* long, and *so* intimately—interchanged *so* many civilities with them—been in their society under *so* many peculiar circumstances—indeed, they have known them from childhood—*they consider them as brothers!*

In 1844 one of this class happened to be passenger on the "*Scott*," on her trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, during the month of March. He was a jolly fellow, full of anecdote, and always ready with his joke, conundrum, repartee or pun. Snatches of the fashionable negro songs—called, for fashion's sake, *Ethiopian melodies*—quaint sayings, and quotations from Shakspeare, were at his tongue's end; he was the life of the social hall. Not knowing his real name, we will call him *Spriggins.*

The great tragedian, Macready, had been performing an engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, and he was, of course, *the* subject of conversation in the cabin of all steamboats leaving New Orleans. Spriggins had, according to his own account, attended the theatre every night Macready had acted.

"His *Macbeth* was great," said Spriggins, joining in a conversation by the stove in the social hall, where the passengers were picking their teeth and smoking—"his *Hamlet* superb, and his *Werner* magnificent! I have frequently said to him, at supper, after he has been personating the latter character"—

"You know him, then?" interrupted a passenger, who was at the moment lighting a cigar by Spriggins's.

"*Know* him?—know Bill Macready? Well I should rather think I *do!*—intimately—intimately—spent most of my leisure time with him while he was in Orleans. It was by *my* advice he came out to the south."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed—it was a lucky thing for the managers, that I happened to be in New York on his arrival from England—he never would have visited the south had it not been for me."

"What sort of a man is he in private life?" inquired a gentleman.

"Oh!" replied Spriggins, "he is devilish haughty and austere to *strangers*, but in his intercourse with friends, he is a very companionable sort of a fellow, I assure you."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Forrest?" asked a passenger.

"Acquainted with *him?*—Ned Forrest? Have known him since he was a boy; we were schoolmates in Philadelphia—saw him make his first appearance as Young Norval at the Chesnut street; it was by *my* advice he adopted the stage as a profession. Great man, Ned is, but after seeing Macready, one doesn't relish Ned's acting as formerly; he is all very well as *Metamora* and *Jack Cade*, but when he attempts Shaksperian characters"—Spriggins concluded this criticism by shaking his head and slightly shuddering.

as a man does when he has just taken a dose of salts.

"Did you see him act during his late engagement at the St. Charles?" asked one.

"No, I didn't," replied Spriggins—"though I like Ned, I couldn't persuade myself to undergo his stentorian inflictions. He called to see me once or twice, and I dined with him three times, I believe, and that's the extent of our intercourse this season."

Spriggins went on chatting about actors and actresses till near dinner time—giving very amusing accounts of their adventures during his long and intimate acquaintance with them. He knew them all "*like a book.*" The southern managers were under great obligations to him for *advice*—indeed they very seldom made any engagement of consequence without consulting *him*. He knew all the stars and principal stock actors and actresses. He had been the prime agent in getting up most of the complimentary benefits—he had written nearly all of the criticisms and puffs that had appeared in the New Orleans papers during the past theatrical season; in short, if his veracity might be relied on, he was the connecting link between the public and the theatre; and to a casual observer, it would be a matter of wonder how theatrical affairs could proceed for a single week without him.

WHO WAS HE?

He knew everybody connected with the stage, or who *had* been connected with it during the last twenty years. He dined with Mr. Caldwell twice a week—it was by his advice that gentleman had built the old St. Charles. We have already seen that he was on terms of intimacy with the two great tragedians of the age. Before the ringing of the dinner bell, the congregated passengers in the social hall became aware that a few of the more humble followers of Thespis were also honored with Mr. Spriggins' acquaintance and limited regard. In reply to questions judiciously propounded by the cigar smokers, it became known that the season at New Orleans had closed, and that the company were about leaving for St. Louis—that *he* was bound for the same city, but he had declined the invitation of Bill Macready, Jim Ryder, Joe Field, Jack Weston, and Sol. Smith, to go with them in the "J. M. White," in consequence of being obliged to stop on the way at several towns on the river. "Besides," he observed, "it is a relief to be by one's self during a journey of this kind—for I knew how it would be if I went with them—long sittings over the wine bottle after dinner, late suppers, tedious stories and professional reminiscences—I am *such* a favorite with them all, that I should be bored to death with their attentions."

The bell rung out the summons to dinner. After the cloth had been removed, it was observed that five gentlemen remained, enjoying their wine, at the middle of the table. Spriggins cast a wistful look towards the party, but did not venture to move his chair up to the place occupied by the *bon vivants.* One of the five—a *reverend-looking* individual—observing that a gentleman lingered at the lower end of the table, after a short whispering consultation with his companions, sent the steward with the compliments of the party, and a request that Spriggins would honor them with his company and partake of a glass of wine with them. He accepted the invitation with alacrity, and was soon the merriest of the group. During the "sitting," Spriggins imparted the information that he was *connected with the press,* and that he was on a tour through the river towns for the purpose of increasing the circulation of one of the New Orleans papers. He *might* proceed as far as St. Louis—Bill *Macready* was going to that place, and didn't know how he could get along in a city so far west without some friend to take care of him; but he didn't see—he didn't—how people could expect people to leave their business, to attend to other people's business; Jim *Ryder* had insisted on his going; Joe Field had expressed a great desire that he would go, and assist him to establish his projected new paper—Jack *Weston* had said he *must* go, and *Old Sol.* wouldn't take no for an answer.

"So," said Capt. Swon, who had just joined the party, "you are very well acquainted with these actor-folk, Mr. Spriggins?"

"*Acquainted* with actors? Oh, no—I don't know any of them—ha! ha! ha!" answered and laughed Spriggins, winking at the wine drinkers all round—"never met any of them in all my life!"

At this moment, the clerk of the boat happened to be passing by that section of the table where the party were enjoying themselves.

"What's that you say, Mr. Spriggins?—not know any of the actors!" said he. "Allow me to introduce you to a few: Mr. Macready, Mr. Spriggins—Mr. Ryder, Mr. Field—Mr. Weston, Mr. Sol. Smith—Mr. SPRIGGINS!—Spriggins—Macready—Weston—Spriggins—Field—Ryder—Spriggins." The party rose to do honor to the introduction—all but Spriggins, who sat in his chair, holding a wine glass midway between the table and his mouth, the very picture of astonishment.

"Steward!" faltered Spriggins, when he found the use of his tongue, "bring forward my trunk—I get out at Natchez."

He *did* get out at Natchez, and I have been told that he now stoutly denies ever having been acquainted with any member of the theatrical profession. * * * * *

THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

(WRITTEN IN 1845.)

ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN claims to be the father of the American Stage; that is to say, he supposes he has been on the American Stage a longer period than any other actor now living. This may be true. I have seen his name in the bills, and his person on the stage as long ago as 1815. He was Andrew Allen *then*—the JACKSON has since been acquired—*how*, I do not pretend to say; but I believe it was laid hold of by and conceded to him by the world, in consequence of the able manner in which he "got up" the *Battle of New Orleans*, at his benefit, soon after the news arrived of the grand affair at New Orleans, performed on the 8th of January of the above named year.

The first character I saw performed by the subject of this sketch, was the Laird of Raissy, in the opera of the "Highland Reel." I next saw him in a raw-head-and-bloody-bones mixture of pantomime and melo-drama, entitled the "Black Castle, or the Distressed Maiden," in which he enacted an extremely savage-looking confidential servant to a villainous usurper, with a slouched hat, overhanging feathers, broad belt, with a very wide brass buckle in front, short sword and wide-sleeved gauntlets; and it was his peculiar province to attempt all the assassinations —to be most unmercifully beaten by men with clubs, and other rescuers of innocence, and to cry "Confusion! foiled again!" and rush off, shaking his dagger at the audience, and with a look at his intended victim which indicated, as plainly as looks *can* indicate, that it wouldn't be well for the aforesaid intended victim to let him catch her alone again; that's all! He made a great impression on me; and afterwards, when I saw him in *Abælino, the great bandit,* through the knot-hole of a pine board under the boxes, where I had stationed myself in the afternoon before the doors were opened, my admiration was excited to the highest pitch! This was in the old Albany Theatre, in Green street.

In the winter of 1816, the present father of the American Stage became the sole proprietor of the Shakspeare House, nearly opposite the theatre, previously occupied by one Morse, afterwards proprietor of a Shakspeare Hotel adjoining the Park Theatre, New York. He still continued to act in the theatre, playing stern villains and clowns. He took a benefit, and paid off an immense amount of debts, *in tickets,* leading each creditor to suppose that *he* was the *only* *one* who could be paid, and assuring him that the tickets could be easily disposed of. It leaked out during the day, that everybody had tickets for sale, and the price fell to almost nothing. I purchased a box ticket for six cents, and by planting myself at the door at 4 o'clock, was one of the fifteen hundred that were shoved into the house. The three or four thousand outsiders amused themselves by kicking up all sorts of rumpusses in the street. The "father" did not care for all this—he had the receipted bills of his creditors in his pocket.

Having paid all his debts in Albany, he proceeded to New York, where he engaged in the Park Theatre, and was moderately successful in his slouched hat, broad buckle and short sword characters, until his creditors—for he had a way of getting in debt perfectly surprising to young beginners—became somewhat impatient and troublesome. One, in particular, determined to try the virtue of a *capias ad respondendum*, and employed a well-known and afterwards celebrated constable, by the name of Hays, to execute the same on the body of Father Allen. I may as well here state two things—first, my hero was, and is, partially *deaf;* and secondly, he has a way of speaking which conveys the idea that he is always laboring under the effects of a bad cold in his head, without a pocket handkerchief to help himself with. The reader will please bear these things in mind.

Young Hays (he was *then* young) found Father Allen on the Park Theatre steps. "Good morning," said he, saluting the actor very civilly, but speaking in a very loud voice, for he knew the actor's infirmity, and pulling out a small bit of paper,—"your name is Allen, I believe?"

"Yes, Addrew Jacksod Alled, at your service," replied the debtor, supposing the officer was an applicant for a front seat in the dress circle—"what cad I do for you, by friedd?" continued he, patronizingly, as he gently tapped the ashes from his cigar. "It is by bedefit, you see—*Battle of Lake Erie*, sir, with real water—great expedse—fide play—'we have met the edeby add they are ours,' you kdow—lots of doble ships, flags, guds add smoke—look at the bill, sir."

"That's just what I want *you* to do," replied the officer—"here is a bill I want you to examine, and here is a writ requiring that I shall take your body forthwith before a squire."

It was useless to attempt to misunderstand this plain explanation, for if he could not *hear* very well, he could *see* as well as anybody—and it was equally useless to attempt to escape—so, after quietly examining the papers, the *beneficiaire* of the evening gave a puff or two more at his cigar, and then, with a nod of the head, intimated that he understood the whole affair.

"Let's see—yes, sevedty-two dollars, exactly; cursed ill-datured of by friedd Thobsod to trouble you with this busidess—I idtedded to pay it out of by bedefit bodey to-borrow; but dever bind, step idto Bister Sibsod's roob, with be, and I'll hadd you the aboudt."

"Certainly, sir," answered Hays, and he followed the defendant into the theatre through a private door. I shall not attempt to describe the route they took, but it is said the officer was led up and down numerous stairways, over divers stagings, and through many dark passages and underground vaults, until he was completely bewildered. At length, in the midst of darkness, he was requested by his conductor to "hold on a minute." "Here's Bister Sibsod's roob," said he—"wait here till I see if he is at leisure." The officer stopped stock still, as desired, for he had no idea which way to move, and waited patiently for the return of his prisoner, whose retreating steps told him that Mr. Simpson's room was not so near to where he stood as he had supposed. After waiting for about ten minutes, he began to call the name of his prisoner in a loud voice. Suddenly a trap door opened immediately above his head, and, looking up, he distinctly saw Allen's face, lit up with a most benevolent smile. "Well," inquired the officer, "have you found Simpson?" "Do, by friedd, I havd't yet foudd that worthy gedtlebad, but I do dot despair of beidg able to beet with hib sobe tibe this evedidg; be so good as to wait there, by idterestidg friedd, while I take a good look for hib—it is bore thad likely I shall see hib sobewhere betweed here add Philadelphia, for which city I ab about ebbarkidg."

"Embarking for Philadelphia!" fiercely exclaimed the officer—"no you don't! you are my prisoner, and must not move."

"By dear friedd," replied Allen, who had not heard a word the officer had said, but saw by his movements he was inclined to leave the place where he had located him, "you'd better dot stir frob that spot till sobe of the labplighters arrive; for if you do, idasbuch as there are trap doors all roudd you, you'll fall forty feet or so, add that bight hurt you, you kdow." The trap door was closed with a loud noise, and the next that was heard of Father Allen, he was getting up an immense nautical piece, called "*The Battle of Lake Champlain*," in Philadelphia. I have never learned how the constable got out of the theatre, but I presume he was *turned* out. The return on his writ was, "Executed by taking in custody the defendant, who escaped by misleading me into the devil's church, and leaving me to get out the best way I could."

The next I heard of the father he was manager of a theatre in Pensacola, where he played Abælino and Caleb Quotem with great success. In 1822 he was in Cincinnati, where I was editing a paper, and he was then engaged in sending up a series of balloons, in opposition to one Mons. Dumileau, and appealing in his advertisements to the patriotic feelings of the Cincinnatians to sustain *his* balloons, on the ground that they were the true *American* article, while those of Dumileau's were decidedly *French*.

He went into Virginia, causing balloons to ascend from every village. At one of his stands he found great difficulty in collecting together the proper materials for generating gas; nevertheless he advertised that the exhibition would take place; and providing a quantity of the spirits of turpentine to burn under the balloon, hired a large garden, into which the Virginians flocked in great numbers, each paying fifty cents at the gate. When the hour of ascension arrived, the exhibiter found that with all his exertions it would be impossible to cause the balloon to mount! He had a number of juvenile assistants, who were busy about the inner enclosure, and to them he addressed himself, first handing an old bull's eyed watch to the largest boy—

"Look here, by boys—I've got to go add purchase sobe bore *sulphuric acid*—you take this watch, add whed the hadd poidts at the hour of two, set fire to this here turpedtide—do you hear?"

The boys said they *did* hear, and promised obedience. The master spirit made his way to the gate, where he requested the door-keeper to "hadd over the fudds, as there was such a crowd there was do telling what bight happed id the bustle." He then mounted a pony he had wisely provided for the purpose, and gallopped off for the drug store—but mistaking the way, he found himself, at precisely two o'clock, on a very high hill overlooking the scene of his late operations. The boys were true to their promise, and communicated the fire to the turpentine at the appointed time, the *balloon went up*, but it was in small flaky fragments; and the humbugged Virginians began to look about for the operator—but in vain! With $600 in his pockets he was wending his way toward some city where gas could be more easily generated. In giving an account of this affair, our venerable friend says—"Dab the idferdal ballood! I foudd there was do use id tryidg to bake it rise; so, as I dislike bakidg apologies, I thought I would bake byself scarce: Whed I got od that hill add looked back, the boys had set fire to the ballood, add such a sboke rose up!—the whole village appeared to be od fire—d—d if it didd't look like a youdg Sodob add Goborrow!"

When Mr. Edwin Forrest began to rise in his profession, Allen determined to rise with him, and attached himself to that tragedian as costumer, in which capacity, and that of a fighting gladiator, he traversed this country and Great Britain, always taking to himself a full share of credit for "the boy's" success; "for," said he, "what would be the use of taledt without the proper costube?" I am not informed of the cause of separation, but certain it is the great tragedian has managed to "get on" without the aid of the father of the American Stage, for several years past. Thrown on his own resources, we find he is still true to himself and his country, as will more fully appear by the following proclamation, which I find in a late New York Mirror, and which I append as a proper winding up to this somewhat lengthy notice of a truly great man, (in his way,) and with the hope that the FATHER OF THE AMERICAN STAGE may reap some benefit from its widely extended circulation:

☞ HUMBUGS AVAUNT!!! ☜

I AM NOT DEAD YET: ingratitude has not killed me—thanks to a clear conscience and a pair of *silver leather breeches.* All I want is work, that I may thrive by my *industry*, pay my debts, and die, as I always have lived, *an honest man.*

The subscriber has resumed his old *vocation of costumer*, fancy dress maker, and *manufacturer* of his *unapproachable gilt* and *silver leather*, (for which he received *letters patent* in 1817, and which he has since *improved* 100 per cent.) It can be applied to the following uses: *theatrical* and *equestrian dresses* and *trappings*, *ladies' ball slippers*, *albums*, *portfolios*, *pocket books*, *hat leathers*, *coach trimmings*, in short every variety of *fancy* and *ornamental work*, 25 per cent. less than it can be obtained anywhere else, and 100 per cent. better. Warranted to last for years.

Masonic and *I. O. of O. F.* Regalia made to order.

Theatrical and *equestrian* managers are invited to call and judge for themselves. A. J. A. is a *classical* and *legitimate costumer*, and has followed the art for *over* 40 *years*, both in his *native* country, (*our* *beloved America*,) and in *Europe*, and he *challenges competition*. Mr. A. makes *helmets*, *masks*, and all kinds of *paper maches* work, and *stage properties* of every description from a *penny whistle* to a BASKET ELEPHANT.

All orders thankfully received, and faithfully executed, by the public's humble and obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN,
No. 1, Mulberry street, (1st floor,)
Opposite the Chatham Theatre.

Gentlemen and children's clothes made in the most substantial and fashionable style—gentlemen finding their own cloth.

P. S.—For 16 years Mr. A. made all E. Forrest's theatrical wardrobe.*

COURT OF UNCOMMON PLEAS.

Temperance *vs.* James Green,	*Indictment for whiskey drinking out of a jug.*

IF the reader has travelled much in the West, he has witnessed the proceedings of self-constituted courts on the boiler decks of steam boats. It has been the luck of the writer of this sketch to act as *Judge* of many of these dignified tribunals—consequently he has been called on to pass judgment on many of his fellow-travelers during the last twenty or thirty years.

In the courts here spoken of the jurisdiction is generally co-extensive with the boats on which they are held, and it is very seldom an individual is found who is fool-hardy enough to call in question their powers—hence the sentences are pretty generally carried into effect without resistance.

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* As I send these sheets off to the publisher, I learn that the subject of the foregoing sketch has been "called" to another world. Peace be with him! He was the first recipient of assistance from the American Dramatic Fund, but only lived to receive the first quarter of the annuity to which he was entitled.

In the summer of 1844, when all was "hurrah for Clay," and "hurrah for Polk," a *term* of the Court of Uncommon Pleas was "begun and held" on board the good steamer White Cloud, Capt. Robards, during her voyage from St. Louis to Louisville.

After the organisation of the court by the appointment of Judge, Prosecuting Attorney, Clerk and Sheriff, proclamation was made by the latter functionary that all was ready for business. The first case on the docket was the one stated at the head of this report. The defendant, Green, a deck passenger, had been delivering a temperance lecture in the cabin, and was retiring to his quarters on the lower deck, when he was arrested by the sheriff and brought before the "Honorable Court." I never saw a "prisoner at the bar," *charged with murder*, manifest more fear than did this poor fellow—the reason will appear hereafter. The indictment was read, charging him, the said Green, being at the time a member of a temperance society, with having, "with malice and aforethought," drank whiskey out of a jug—contrary to the dignity of the temperance cause, and the interest of the bar-keeper of the White Cloud, &c., &c.

"Prisoner, you have heard the charge—are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied the trembling Green—"that is, not *very* guilty; I did take a little bit of——"

"Prisoner, answer distinctly to the charge—are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Is there any lawyer aboard?" asked the defendant, looking fearfully at the crowd.

"Yes," replied the Court—"there are any number of them on board, going to the Whig Convention at Nashville; you are entitled to counsel, and the Court assigns you L. V. B——, Esq.,—so you can unbosom yourself to *him*."

The worthy gentleman named readily accepted the appointment, and a jury being empanelled, the trial commenced.

The prosecuting attorney, (who was no other than my friend Col. A. B. C——rs, the well known apostle of temperance,) made a splendid "opening." He insisted that intemperance was the unpardonable sin, and demanded that the jury, if convinced of the guilt of the accused, should inflict the severest punishment known to the law.

The evidence all went to show that the accused had certainly committed the damning deed—he had most surely drank whiskey—more than that, he had drunk it out of a jug! There was no getting round it, or over it, or under it—drunk he had—he had drunk whiskey—and out—of—a j-u-g!

The counsel for the prisoner, finding the *fact* could not be controverted, endeavored to *justify*; and went into a lengthy argument to show that the greatest men in ancient and modern times *had been and were drunkards*; that the greatest literary efforts had been inspired by the wine bottle; and so far from the defendant being blamable for what he had done, he, the learned counsel, contended that he was deserving of the highest commendation.

A reply from the prosecuting attorney closed the case, and the jury were about to retire to the pantry to deliberate on their verdict, when the defendant addressed the Court:

"May it please your honor, I want to say a few words, if you've no objections."

"By all means—you shall be heard. The defendant has a right to be heard by himself and counsel; proceed."

Green, trembling from head to foot, mounted a chair, (on the intimation of the sheriff,) and spoke as follows:

"Mister Judge, and gentle*men* of the jury, I want to say this much—I *am* guilty; I don't justify the drinking of the whiskey, I don't. I tried to persuade my attorney not to make that sort of defence, but he *would* do it. I drank a leetle whisky—but *I took it for medicine*, as I have proved to you by the doctor who prescribed it. I know I've done wrong—*very* wrong, and I deserve punishment; but I beg and pray this Honorable Court to have pity on my wife and——"

"Hast thou a wife?" interrupted the Court.

"I have," replied the defendant.

"And children?"

"No; no children *yet*, may it please the honorable Court, but *my wife is in a fix*."

"A fix?"

"Yes; a fix."

"Prisoner, what do you mean by your wife being in a fix?"

"Why your honor," proceeded the accused, "she will shortly become the mother of a fatherless orphan, *if you throw me overboard*."

"Throw you overboard! What has put that into your head, prisoner?"

"Oh!" groaned Green in agony, "I know the punishment of my crime; my counsel has told me all about it. I'm to be thrown overboard, to prevent my ever again drinking anything but cold water!"

Finding the poor fellow took the matter so seriously, there was a general desire for his acquittal.

The judge gave a charge to the jury, full of nice points of law and leaning greatly towards the prisoner. Without leaving their seats, the jury returned the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendant *not guilty*, and recommend him to mercy. The sheriff to treat the jury—the attornies to pay costs, and the judge to *fill the jug* which the defendant drank out of, and which the jury have emptied during the trial."

The defendant, when he heard the verdict read, fell down on his knees in thankfulness—renewed his temperance pledge—thanked the judge and gentlemen of the jury, and in his wife's name called down blessings on the whole crowd.

KICKING THE BUCKET.

Pulse 140!—*Whiew!—Whurr!*

READER did you ever have a fever?—a regular built, up-and-down thumping fever?—a fever that carried you up, as it were, to another existence? I had such a fever in the fall of 1844—September—in Cincinnati.

I tried to *put* it *off*. It wouldn't go. I went to Louisville in a steamboat, and endeavoured to persuade myself during the night, while my pulse was rising and my brain was becoming more and more pressed, that *I should be better in the morning*. I endeavoured to transact business in Louisville, but my questions and replies were so incoherent that the people stared at me and (for aught I know) thought I was tipsy. On the return trip, all was pleasant enough in the afternoon, but at night, and during the long night, thump, thump, thump, went my blood again, as though it was determined to burst through and be free.

I found myself at my brother's house on Fourth street, where a room is always reserved for me. I had purchased some calomel and castor oil, on my way up from the boat, and I went to taking medicine. It did no good—the fever did not diminish at all. At the request of my good brother a homœopathic physician was called in, who attended me, and administered small globules of something or other for a week—*two* weeks, perhaps—probably *three*—"I took no note of time." No change. My brothers and other relations visited me frequently. I could see by their manner they thought I must go. They did not shake their heads, but the expression of their countenances did not at all conform to their words of comfort and encouragement.

My sense of hearing was fearfully acute. I could *hear them look!* It was plain enough I was given up—the doctor (Dutch at that!) said he had been called too late; if he had only been called in before I had taken the calomel, all would have been well, but——

With the exception of a head-ache, which hung to me, it was not a disagreeable month I passed thus.

The pressure on my brain caused those about me to take the most fanciful forms, and to do the drollest things! The doctor appeared to *dance* into the room, pour his useless (and harmless) medicine into water, and present me the tumbler, dancing all the while; my sisters, my brothers, nieces and nephews, all to appearance about half their real height, danced about the apartment in the most picturesque forms, all bearing a striking resemblance to each other, and all wearing wreaths—rocking, prancing, bending, smiling, and attitudinizing to the tune of—my pulse. It was very pleasant indeed.

I remember every occurrence while under the influence of this fever, with the utmost distinctness. About the 18th day I called the homœopathic doctor to my bedside and told him I had no further occasion for his services. He remonstrated—the family remonstrated; but I was firm—I would take no more of those little globules.

My friend Logan came to see me every day. When he found the homœopathist had retired, he urged the calling in of one of the regular physicians. After some argument I consented, and Doctor Shotwell took me in hand. I could see plainly enough *he* thought the call had been put off too long; but he prescribed for me, and in one week I was able to sit up an hour at a time—in two weeks I could walk, and in less than three I embarked for St. Louis—my home.

When I began to write this article I intended to describe some of my singular fancies—but I shall confine myself to *one* strange fancy I took into my feverish head.

It seemed to me that *possibly* my friends might be right, and that I was doomed to *kick the bucket* sure enough. I was away from home—my affairs were unsettled—no preparations made for such a feat—but yet, I thought my time had possibly come! The idea was not at all unpleasant. I had shaken off all care of business, having placed it in competent hands, and my only uneasiness arose from the TROUBLE I was giving my kind nurses. I took up the idea that, if I must *kick the bucket*, I might as well do it in the middle of the night, when most of the family were asleep, so that in the morning they would find *all was over with me*, and the disagreeable part of the business would be past. I kept thinking of this, and constantly continued to contrive out ways and means to effect my designs without causing trouble to the family. I knew that if I *asked for a bucket to kick*, they would refuse to let me have it; so I pretended every night that I wanted water to bathe my feet in, and when I had finished bathing them I always asked the girl to leave the bucket on a chair beside my bed! And there I lay night after night, waiting for the time to come when I should kick the bucket without *troubling* any one! In the middle of the night I would laugh heartily at my cunning contrivance—keeping the bucket all the time within kicking distance of my right foot, and chuckling at the idea of what a splash I would make when I should give my *last kick!*

DEFENCE OF THE STAGE.

A FRIENDLY LETTER TO THE REV. DR. BEECHER, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Boston, Sunday Evening, Aug. 13, 1843.

SIR—The newspapers have given the substance of a discourse delivered by you at the Tremont Theatre, soon after that building came into the possession of its present proprietors. When that discourse was delivered, I was in St. Louis, nearly one thousand miles from Boston. Business has brought me here, and I take leave to address you a few lines on the subject of your address, conceiving there are some parts of it, if correctly reported, somewhat exceptionable—at least, likely to be so considered by members of the theatrical profession.

I make no apology for addressing you through the columns of the press. We are personally unacquainted with each other; and to be plain with you—for "bluntness is my trade"—I am not very desirous of an introduction. *You* are a preacher of the Gospel—*I* am nothing but an actor—and a *poor* one, at that, in every sense of the word;—*You* are in possession of a princely income, as payment for advocating the cause of the meek and lowly Jesus—*I* am struggling for a precarious subsistence in my capacity of a stage-player—occasionally adding a little to my income by appearing "in the character" of a *lawyer* in our courts of justice. I may add that *you* stand at the head of a powerful sect of professing Christians in the United States, while *I* am content to claim membership in the lowest rank of artists called histrions. I presume if I were to seek a conversation with you at your splendid mansion, I should be spurned from your door, as unworthy to press your carpet with my unhallowed feet—the name of "SOL. SMITH, the actor," announced in your study, would probably be the signal for bolting your door—indeed, if the report of your discourse at the Tremont be a true one—and I have no reason to doubt that it is—you must entertain a "lodged hate"—a "certain loathing," for all poor sinners of our class. Therefore it is that I do not seek a personal interview, but say what I have to say, thus publicly.

You are represented to have made your "first appearance on the Tremont boards" before a "house crowded from pit to gallery;" and it is said you "returned thanks to Almighty God for having changed the place, *which was once the seat of Satan and his works*, into Christ's Holy Temple;" and prayed that "all theatres might soon become temples of God; and that Satan, their great head, might immediately be driven back to his appropriate home, the bottomless pit." You are said to have dwelt particularly upon the "BAD CHARACTER of actors and actresses," and to have asserted of theatres that "there was no redeeming quality about them—they were evil, and that continually—they were the fruitful source of ALL vice—[all!]—the great social exchange where sinners of all grades, colors, and description, assembled to barter away and sell their immortal souls."

Now, Mr. Beecher, read over the above quotations, while quietly sitting in your closet, and how do they look in print? Do not your denunciations strike you as being rather on the *wholesale* order? How different—how widely different—was the language of your MASTER and mine, while tabernacling upon the earth! Without the slightest attempt at proof to support your assertions, you throw out an accusation against the whole community of actors. You stand up in the pulpit, (late the social exchange of sinners,) and before three thousand people, drawn together by your great fame as a speaker, and by curiosity to witness the cleansing of the Augean stable, by the river of your eloquence, and point at a large class of your fellow citizens, branding the whole of them as *bad characters!* Without particularizing their crimes —without affording them an opportunity of defence, you consign thousands of your fellow mortals to infamy—or in other words, *send them to the Devil!* You must not be surprised, then, doctor, if the community you have so unsparingly denounced and slandered—yes, slandered!—do not sit calmly down under the imputations cast upon them. A worm, when trodden upon, will turn upon a giant.

In the name of my professional brothers and sisters, I deny that, *as a class*, they are obnoxious to the charges you have brought against them. I deny that the theatre is an exchange where sinners barter away their souls—and I am willing to take the late Tremont Theatre, with all its faults, as a specimen of all theatres in the United States—and I pronounce your attempt to fix upon all actors and actresses the title of "bad characters," uncharitable, unfair, and unmanly. To deny that the institution of the theatre is sometimes abused, and its objects perverted, or that some members of our profession are faulty, would be to deny that managers, actors, and actresses are human beings. But let the professors of the stage be compared with those of any other calling—nay, let them be compared, (and I invite the comparison,) with the occupants of the *pulpit*—let the moral character of each class be set side by side before the world, and the result need not be feared by the much abused histrions.

If we thought proper to "carry the war into Africa," we might retort upon the pulpit, and point out instances, (and not a few, either,) where all the wholesome restraints of society have been broken through, and trampled under foot by preachers of eminence—where the sanctity of the domestic circle has been invaded—the obligations of the marriage vow have been broken—confidence has been betrayed, and fathers and husbands have been compelled to seek redress in courts of justice for injuries inflicted on their daughters and their wives, by hypocrites who use religion as a cloak to hide their hellish propensities. One would suppose, doctor, to hear you, and such as you, speak of actors and actresses, that in *your* profession there is *no acting*—that, from the holy horror with which you pour forth your denunciations against the poor players, *you* would shrink from employing any of the arts you condemn so unsparingly in the actor. I assert that many of you make a *trade* of religion. To say nothing of the attempt that was made to *raise money* by exhibiting the *Tremont Theatre* as it stood when the wicked actors left it—in all its glare of splendid scenery, rich decoration, and gas lights—you every week cunningly contrive out ways and means to gull the public and obtain money from sinners as well as saints—that at your meetings you resort to all manner of tricks to obtain contributions for pretended charities, and for the support of missions to distant countries, with the professed object of saving heathen souls, *while your next-door neighbor is perishing for bread;* that, contrary to the command of our Saviour, who directed that we should receive the gospel "without money and without price," you take care to confine your labors to such congregations as will *pay you a price*—and a very *good* price, too—that you "accept of engagements," like the actors, where the highest salaries are given—that the *louder the call*, the more likely you are to *hear it*—and that instead of treating your fellow sinners kindly, and drawing them by affectionate remonstrances from what you consider their evil ways, you denounce them in a lot, and, so far as in you lies, shut the door of grace upon them!

It would appear to me, reverend sir, that on the occasion of taking formal possession of the Tremont Theatre—the late "seat of Satan and his works," since you will have it so—a temperate and forbearing tone would have been more becoming your character and situation. Considering that you had succeeded in turning old Satan and about one hundred sinners out of doors—the sinners to starve, perhaps, and Satan to look out for other quarters—the air of triumph you assumed, and the sentences of condemnation you uttered, were unworthy of you. You had hurled the Muses, neck and heels, from the premises—you had deprived their humble followers of the means of earning their bread—was *that* a time to indulge in scoffs and maledictions? Was *that* the way to purify the unholy spot?

How is it, that our Lord Jesus Christ—for he is *my* Lord as well as *yours*—did not say a word against theatres when on earth? I do not find a sentence of his recorded which implies that there is any sin in social amusements; on the contrary, the Bible is full of injunctions to cultivate a cheerful disposition. I need only to refer to the fact of David's *dancing before the Ark*, to show that dancing is pleasing in the sight of God. Speaking of David—read his Psalms, and you will find in those incomparable poems, that rejoicing and clapping of hands—playing upon instruments, of all the kinds then invented—skipping, and making "joyful noises," formed most of the themes of the mighty poet. If I am not mistaken, (I have not my Testament with me to refer to) one of the apostles *took refuge in a theatre*, which proved to him a safe sanctuary when pursued by a ruthless mob. Our Saviour dwelt among sinners—gently leading them into the paths of virtue. How different is the conduct of his pretended followers of the present day—how different from the course pursued by the apostles in the early ages of Christianity! Instead of "going forth into all the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel to all nations," without coin or scrip, your modern preachers must live upon the fat of the land, dwell in splendid mansions, be in receipt of stipulated salaries, and instead of spreading the blessed tidings of the Gospel to the inhabitants of heathen lands, they confine their teachings to their own favored flocks—unless some temple of Satan is to be purified—*then*, indeed, a reverend divine can travel hundreds of miles—not, as in pilgrim times, bareheaded and barefooted—but in steamers, railroad cars, and coaches, to fulfil a prophecy made by himself before he was "called" to the west! *Then*, instead of extending the hand of charity to the houseless individuals who have thought it no sin to "labor in their vocation," and if he thinks their calling sinful, telling them to "GO AND SIN NO MORE," he can brand a whole community with infamy—pronounce them ALL "bad characters"—and can "dine after that!"

But stop—what am I about? Let me not fall into the same error I am condemning in others. *All* preachers are not to be answerable for the faults of a portion of them. I *have* known some orthodox preachers (and I record it with pleasure) who were honest, charitable, and christianly. I only wished to show, that bad as actors are, or may be, as a class, they will lose nothing by a comparison with preachers. In all the practices of active benevolence, I religiously believe they rank far above them.

I would suggest to you, my fellow sinner, that if you really believe actors and actresses to be the "bad characters" you represented them to be in your sermon, it is your bounden duty to *preach to* THEM—point out to them the sinfulness of their calling—reason with them—draw them from their evil ways, if they *are* evil—and, by treating them kindly, convince them that you are indeed the minister of that blessed Redeemer you profess to serve.

If you and your congregations would *attend* theatrical exhibitions—(for, depend upon it, Doctor, you cannot "put them down")—applaud the good sentiments, and express your disapprobation of everything calculated to produce an immoral effect upon the audience—in short, if you and they would *co-operate* with us, and endeavor to purge the stage of its impurities, instead of endeavoring as you do to *exterminate* it, much good might be effected, and the drama might flourish as the adjunct of Christianity.

I did intend to say something about Satan—for I do think you treat that imaginary being rather cavalierly, taking into consideration the fact that he is always at hand as a convenient scare-crow to "drive the stray lambs into the fold," and that you could not carry on your business a week without him,—but upon second thoughts, I have concluded to say nothing in his behalf. Send him back "to the bottomless pit," Doctor, as soon as you like—and a good riddance, I say.

At some future period, I propose to discuss at some length the USEFULNESS OF THE STAGE. At present I fear I have wearied your patience, with my desultory and disjointed strictures. I will conclude by recommending to your consideration the 7th chapter of Matthew, 1st to 5th, and 21st to 23d verses.

Hoping you will receive this letter in as kind a spirit as that which dictates it, and advising you to cultivate Christian feelings, I remain,

Dear Sir, your fellow laborer in the vineyard,

SOL. SMITH.

A REPLY TO THE REV. W. G. ELLIOT OF ST. LOUIS.

Extract from a Lecture on Amusements.

BY THE REV. W. G. ELLIOT.

"It is a fair objection to the theatre, that, as an amusement, it is too exciting—by far too much so for a beneficial influence on the young. It often unfits their minds for serious thoughts and labor. To older persons it may not be so hurtful; but for the young man, I do not know of any habit, in *itself not positively sinful*, which is more injurious, or more fraught with serious danger, than that of theatre-going. It stimulates the imagination too strongly; it awakens dormant passions; it overtasks the sensibilities; and generally makes more quiet and less exciting amusements seem flat and tasteless. It is, moreover, an expensive amusement, much beyond the proper means of most young men—and, unfortunately, it is surrounded with many incidental evils, which, although theoretically not inseparable from it, are always practically attendant upon it—as camp followers are an evil inseparable from the camp. I appeal to yourselves if it is not true, that the young man who becomes fond of the theatre is very likely to become immoral and dissipated. Believing that it is so, I feel justified in advising you strongly against it. Select more quiet and less dangerous amusements. At least wait until you are well established in virtue, before you subject yourselves to such severe tests; and when you are thus established, the desire to set a good example to those whose principles are not yet equally confirmed, may become a still stronger motive for staying away."

At various times, during my professional life, I have felt called upon to make comments, through the press, upon the strictures of certain reverend gentlemen, who have thought proper to denounce the institution of the theatre as demoralizing in its tendency. Among the so called "divines," (what a title for human beings!) to whom I have paid my respects, I may name Mr. Bullard, of this city, and Mr. Beecher, of Cincinnati. These preachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ—one on the occasion of delivering a sermon on the death of President Harrison, and the other at a sort of holy triumphant celebration, held on the occasion of the conversion of the Tremont Theatre, (Boston,) into a church—took upon themselves the offices of judges of their fellow-sinners, and, instead of obeying the command of the master they pretend to serve, which required his followers to go forth to all the world and preach GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN, passed sentence of unconditional condemnation, not only upon the professors of the stage, but upon all who encouraged its representations by their presence in the passive characters of auditors.

It may be asked why I, out of the whole community of actors in this extensive country, should take upon myself the task of defending the theatre. I answer, because I *feel it to be my duty*, and because I do not perceive others, far more able to do justice to the cause, step forward, as it appears to me they should, to defend their profession, when assailed.

Being a great admirer of the Rev. Mr. Elliot, whom I *know* to be a good man and an exemplary Christian, I confess I was not prepared to find *him* following so far in the wake of the orthodox gentlemen above named, as to advise his young hearers to discountenance an institution which has been advocated and upheld by a vast majority of the great and good men of all ages, and in all countries where civilization and refinement have prevailed to any extent. I thought we had *one* church at least, in St. Louis, whose pulpit was occupied by a man who, while he was strictly faithful to his trust, and watchful over the moral conduct of his parishioners, would rise above the petty prejudices which unfortunately, to some extent, exist against the institution referred to; and if he could not conscientiously assist in dissipating those prejudices, that he would at least refrain from giving countenance to the war of extermination waged by interested and bigoted clergyman against the theatre, leaving his congregation to exercise their own judgments, and obey the dictates of their own consciences, (influenced, if you please, by his excellent general teachings,) on the subject of amusements.

Before attempting to controvert the opinions of Mr. Elliot, as expressed above, it is with pleasure I award to that gentleman great sincerity and honesty of purpose in all his acts and words. His *language*, correctly quoted at the head of this article, it need not be said, is that of a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian; and its style is referred to only for the purpose of remarking upon the striking difference between it and that of the language generally made use of by the orthodox "gentlemen in black" gowns, who have heretofore taken upon themselves the offices of censors of the stage, and, in consequence, claimed my attention.

I will now state, concisely, Mr. Elliot's reasons for advising young people to stay away from the theatre:

1. The theatre, as an amusement, is too exciting, and, therefore, fraught with serious danger.

2. It is too expensive.

3. It is surrounded with many *incidental* evils, which are always practically attendant upon it, though not theoretically inseparable from it.

4. It leads young men to become immoral and dissipated.

To be sure, all these are mere *assertions*; but as they are made in sincerity, and doubtless in the full belief of their truth, let us examine them separately:

It is said, that the theatre is "too exciting." Now, it appears to me that if the tendency of stage representations be for *good*, they *cannot* be "too exciting;" but if for evil, then the gentleman is right. When the heart throbs with the feelings of patriotism and virtuous indignation against tyranny and oppression; when the eye of youth fills with tears of sorrow for suffering virtue; when the cheek burns with indignation at successful villainy—all the effect of the poet's language and the actor's power—will it be said that these aroused feelings are to be suppressed, because they are "exciting?" I say to you, friend Elliot, that so far from the amusement of the theatre being "too exciting" for the young, it would be [illegible] for the moral condition of the world, if the [illegible] sentiments promulgated from the stage, could be more universally disseminated than they are. That the cold, formal teachings of the pulpit have their uses, is not denied; but the practical lessons *acted* before the auditor at the theatre, from the very fact that they *are* more "exciting," are more lasting, and consequently more useful.

I conclude, then, on this point, that a play cannot be "too exciting," if the moral be good, and the tendency of the sentiment ennobling to human nature. Let the pulpit, therefore, confine its censures and strictures to *immoral* stage representations, and cherish those which tend to refine, ameliorate and improve society.

The second objection to the theatre as an amusement—that *it is too expensive*—may be answered in a few words. Let there be a very general attendance, (allowing it to be deserving of support) and the prices of admission can be proportionately reduced. This has already been exemplified in our own theatre. Notwithstanding the anathemas occasionally launched forth from the pulpit, the attendance has so increased within late years that the admission fee has been reduced *one-half!* So it is not very "expensive," after all; and if young men are moderate in their enjoyment of dramatic amusements—visiting the theatre only once or twice a week—it will not be very "hurtful" to them, I imagine, in a pecuniary point of view, (in which view I suppose *this* objection is made,) and they will have something left for pew rent, preacher's salary, and the missionary box too. Taking into view the *quality* of the various amusements, it appears to me there is none so cheap as that of the theatre.

The charge that the theatre is "surrounded with *incidental* evils," I scarcely know how to meet, unless the evils are more particularly specified. In the absence of such specifications, I hope it will not be thought unfair to assume that the lecturer referred to those truly objectionable adjuncts to *some* theatres—the bar-room and the third tier. If I am right in this assumption, it is sufficient to say that *here* in St. Louis, there has been no saloon or bar-room carried on in the theatre for ten years; and that the third tier is frequented by as honest and virtuous a set of auditors, male and female, as can be found in any community—of colored people.

And here I must complain of the illiberality and positive *unfairness* of all the clergymen in this city who oppose the theatre, as they say, *upon principle;* for while they very willingly and with apparent candor admit, *in private*, that the establishment *here* is an exception to the generality of theatres, and, indeed, that its directors deserve credit for the manner in which it is conducted, *in the pulpit* they do not give us the benefit of this exception, but class all theatres together indiscriminately, and indiscriminately condemn them all!

The fourth objection, that going to the theatre leads young men to become immoral and dissipated, is controverted thus:—They learn there the best lessons taught by history and experience; they meet the best society; they pass their time pleasantly—commit no sin—and retire to their homes satisfied that they have spent the evening in rational enjoyment. "Dissipation" has no more connection with the theatre than with the church. If a man is desirous of indulging in the intoxicating cup, he can obtain it, (and will,) as easily after attending a lecture or prayer meeting, as after witnessing a theatrical performance.

Instead of theatre-going being an injury to the young, (or the old either, for that matter,) I insist that it is a positive benefit; and I hope to live long enough to see the respectable portion of our pulpit orators throw aside the long cherished prejudices, and come out in its support. Come, gentlemen of the long robe, what do you say to a "combination" between the church and the theatre, against the devil and all his works? Instead of endeavoring to *put down the theatre*, WHICH YOU CAN NEVER DO, suppose you preach against the *abuses* which exist in it—recommend your hearers to witness none but good plays—*moral* plays—plays which *are* plays! Tell the young men to stay away when the trash which managers are sometimes *compelled* to offer, is announced, and *crowd the house* when a sterling piece is brought out!

If preachers will follow my advice, and let it be understood that they uphold the good and condemn the bad of the theatre, they can then incorporate into their sermons some of the sentiments of our fine old dramatists, and instead of quoting as they now frequently do, surreptitiously, some good sentiments *from a play*, and shuffle it over with a half-uttered reference to "the poet," they could quote boldly from Shakspeare, Johnson, Home, and other play writers, and give them due credit for their sentiments. More than a thousand times have I heard passages from Shakspeare quoted in the pulpit, and never but once did I hear that poet's *name* mentioned there; and then the minister said, he valued the plays of Shakspeare *next to his Bible!* The minister here spoken of gave this rule as the proper one to be followed by all Christians, in relation to amusements: "*Never to go to any place where you are not willing to die!*" An excellent rule, I humbly think; and one which, if followed by us all, (preachers as well as players,) might be considered a safe guide through life.

For twenty-five years I have followed the stage as a profession. If I thought it a sinful one, I would leave it to-morrow—nay to-night; though a large family is dependent on my professional exertions for support—my children for their education.

If my own motives and feelings are known to myself, my aim has always been, so far as my limited influence extended, to elevate the drama; or rather to so conduct my course in the management of such theatres as have been wholly or partially under my direction, as to maintain the STAGE in its proper position among the professions. This I have effected, so far as the public would sustain me; and, in conclusion, I invite all who believe that theatre-going is attended with injurious effects, to examine well the subject—discard all illiberal prejudices, exercise a Christian spirit towards those who differ with them in opinion, and pause before they publicly utter opinions, which, if concurred in by the community in which we live, would consign to want and starvation all who are engaged in the theatre; consisting of no less than sixty or seventy individuals, who, for virtue, intelligence and honesty, (leaving myself out of the party,) may safely challenge a comparison with those who seem disposed to deprive them of their bread.

[1848] SOL. SMITH.

LETTER FROM EX-PRESIDENT LAMAR.

Galveston, Texas, 10th January, 1849.

DEAR SOL.,—

If, in consequence of my long silence, you have been induced, as I fear you have, to drop me from your "list of friends," I hope you will not deny me the privilege, under fair explanation, of reinstating myself in your good graces! Our acquaintance began at that halcyon period of life, when the heart is most susceptible of strong and lasting impressions; and I can assure you, my old friend, that the attachment which then grew up between us, making us two as one man, has not been weakened in me by the flight of years; but on the contrary it has rather been improved by time, the great maturer, which converts the flowers of spring into the ripe and pleasant fruits of autumn. My life, like your own, has been somewhat checkered by adventure; but I account it one of the greatest blessings of fortune, that amidst all her buffetings, she has not deprived me of the cheerful companion of my happier days—the "friend of my soul"—my old Sol. Smith. A three-years entombment of myself in Mexico and the frontier wilds has prevented my receiving your little book, which you kindly dedicated to me, and which now meets my sight for the first time. Its laughing tone and animated stories, show that you have not lost the joyous spirit of your younger years—that you are still the man of "infinite jest," in spite of all your ups and downs; and surely, my friend, if the ancients were right in saying that a brave man struggling with adversity, was a sight worthy of the gods, I know of no claimant more worthy of their favors than yourself —than you who have contributed so much to lighten the burthens of others, while bravely bearing your own. You have "played many parts" in your time—have played them all well, and most certainly none better than that of the true "philosopher and friend." Then "here's a double health to thee," old Sol. Long life and a happy one to him who knows how to enjoy prosperity with gratitude, and whose happy alchemy of mind can turn even misfortune into pleasantry. "All the world's a stage;" but the "farce, tragedy and comedy" of life will soon be over. Let us then, my friend, endeavor so to *act* the *parts* assigned us here, as may secure to us a good *cast* and full *benefits* in that sublimer THEATRE which will be opened hereafter by the great MANAGER above, when the universe shall be the audience and eternity the curtain.

Your Friend,
MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

SOL. SMITH, ESQ.,
Manager of the St. Charles Theatre, N. O.

THE END.

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